Four Poems for Martin Luther King

THE NATION

JUNE 24, 1968 35 cents

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WHAT VIOLENCE IS

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This Spring in France **Students, Workers and the General** ALEXANDER WERTH

Vietnam: The Doctors' Dilemma

MARTIN L. ALBERT, M.D.

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LETTERS

thinking the future

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: Michael Crozier ["The Lonely Frontier of Reason," *The Nation*, May 27] is highly impressed with our country's think tanks. He forgets that the success of scientific decision making rests in large part on the power of special interests to cause their prophecies to be self-fulfilling. Perhaps realization of this power, not hyperrationality, is what is bugging so many people.

Paul J. Mackin

a question of inference

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In an otherwise appreciative review of *The Autobiography of W. E. B. DuBois* (*The Nation*, Apr. 29), Truman Nelson questions the "billing" of Herbert Aptheker as editor and manages, by a series of inferences, to question the full authenticity of the book.

With respect to the first objection, the facts are these: Herbert Aptheker was asked by the author's widow, Mrs. Shirley Graham DuBois, with the agreement of the publishers, to edit the book, in view of his scholarly knowledge of the life and work of Dr. DuBois and his long years of personal association. Besides making the necessary corrections in the text, the editor supplied useful explanatory notes about people and events little known to the contemporary reader. He also prepared the selected bibliography of Dr. DuBois' published writings and a calendar of his life, besides supplying a number of historical photographs for the book. Although the appended material takes 14 pages of the book, and is mentioned in the preface, Mr. Nelson seems to have overlooked it.

Perhaps the reason for this objection becomes more apparent when we consider the implication of the reviewer that publishers and editor are dishonest in presenting the *Autobiography* as published for the first time in full, and as Dr. DuBois wrote it. Mr. Nelson is careful to qualify his implication by saying "technically," the book "is not as DuBois wrote it, or left it, at his death in Ghana in 1963." Of course, "technically" it is not the same, since, as stated in the editor's preface, certain technical-editorial corrections proved necessary. In effect, citing as evidence a carbon copy of the manuscript given him in Accra by Mrs. DuBois in 1965, he infers that the entire Part I and Interlude (which do not appear, it seems, in his carbon copy) were added to the original manuscript.

Mr. Nelson neglects to inform the reader that in Part I, Dr. DuBois deals with his latest journeys abroad, particularly to the Soviet Union and China, and the Interlude, between this part and the beginning of the chronological autobiography, is a concise exposition of his belief in communism. This is as it appeared in the complete manuscript sent the publishers by Mrs. DuBois after its recovery from Accra, along with her persistent instructions that it was to be published as is, for this was how Dr. DuBois left it and wanted it to appear.

This is the *complete* DuBois who, as is well known, became a Communist and openly proclaimed his views. Mr. Nelson may not like them, in which case it is his privilege and duty as a reviewer to say so, instead of evading this confrontation by impugning the honesty of the publishers or the editor.

With respect to the missing dedication (which is quoted inaccurately by Mr. Nelson), Mrs. DuBois called my attention to this unfortunate omission when the book was published. On investigation, it was found that the dedication page was, indeed, in the manuscript, but due to a

(Continued on page 834)

EDITORIALS

Putting Back the Genie

By approving on June 10 the treaty for a nonproliferation of nuclear weapons, and expressing hope for the widest possible adherence to the treaty by both nuclear and nonnuclear states, the UN General Assembly forged a new link in the slowly forming chain of Soviet-American *détente*. President Johnson sought to give this event the appropriate aura by making one of his rare appearances before the General Assembly, where he commended the treaty in such hyperbolic terms as "the most important international agreement in the field of disarmament since the nuclear age began" and "the most important step toward peace since the founding of the United Nations."

The treaty will undoubtedly make more remote the awesome possibility that the dozen or so countries with a nuclear capability will join the five-power nuclear club in the near future, thus bringing to the world additional pressures and dangers which could make local conflicts infinitely more complex and possibly uncontrollable. In fact, few countries had intended to take on the burden of nuclear armaments, and those which do not wish to renounce atomic weapons formally or which object to certain provisions of the treaty can still refuse to sign or ratify it. But the moral imperative to become a party to the treaty (not to mention the distinct economic advantages to be derived from its nonmilitary provisions) will be strong. Failure to do so will be pointed out as a stigma, or at best an evasion of peaceful commitments.

This is especially the case for West Germany. In this context the treaty represents a great success for the Soviet Union, which from the start of these negotiations has used it as a bogy against German *"revanchists,"* to obtain guarantees from the United States that it would not allow a German finger on the nuclear trigger. If Bonn signs and ratifies the treaty, which is likely (although possibly not before taking another look at European security arrangements), the main Russian objective will have been reached. If, on the other hand, West Germany delays ratification, the Soviet Union will have a ready-made excuse for continuing to resist any change in the European *status quo*.

The immediate political advantage for the United States is less clear—aside from achieving still another agreement with the Soviet Union, in addition to the 1963 test-ban treaty and the 1967 treaty banning bombs in outer space, despite the continuation of the war in Vietnam. Washington will at least be in a better position to resist extreme demands from eager allies. Another, more sweeping motive could be that the United States, wiser from its present experience as a world policeman, is anxious to prevent the compounding of problems which the spread of nuclear weapons would bring to international relations.

Be that as it may, the two superpowers have in recent months promoted the treaty with an intensity that was resented in many UN quarters as an expression of arro-

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SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: issues will be dated July 8, July 22, August 5, August 19 and August 26.

gance on the part of countries which urged upon others what they were not willing to do themselves. Some accommodation with the non-nuclear powers—especially those industrial countries that feared paralyzing controls on their atomic technology—had been sought in the long negotiations which took place among seventeen countries in Geneva prior to the submission of the draft treaty to the General Assembly in April. Although this U.S.-USSR draft was presented by its authors on a take it or leave it basis, the combined pressure of political, regional and economic groups in the UN forced last-minute changes in order to deliver the massive vote—95 to 4, with 21 abstentions—necessary to the treaty's prestige.

The most important change promises non-nuclear countries, and especially the developing ones of Latin America, considerable assistance and leeway in the peaceful uses of atomic energy, and the assistance will not be available to states that do not become parties to the treaty. Another improvement (that falls short, however—of requests formulated by many non-nuclear states, especially India, which probably will not sign) deals with the security guarantees that the superpowers are willing to provide countries threatened or struck by nuclear aggression. This question is pending before the Security Council, where the unnamed potential villain will obviously be Peking, which has denounced the treaty in advance as a "Soviet-American plot" to strengthen the world hegemony of the two countries.

Last but not least, the nuclear superpowers had to proceed a little further than they had anticipated on the path of nuclear disarmament for themselves. Throughout the six-week debate in the UN Political Committee, the argument was made that while the treaty assured "horizontal nonproliferation," it did not touch upon the "vertical proliferation" of the ever more sophisticated arsenals of the nuclear powers. These, it was claimed, were the greatest threat to world peace, in spite of the so-called "balance of terror."

The superpowers have not agreed on a single measure of nuclear disarmament as such—a fact which causes France to hold aloof from the treaty, although its policy of not sharing its nuclear weaponry with anyone coincides with the aims of the treaty. Nevertheless, in these circumstances, President Johnson felt it necessary to make a declaration of intention before the General Assembly, in order to assure the non-nuclear nations that the United States would try urgently to negotiate with the Soviet Union a limitation of strategic nuclear weapons systems, as a beginning of nuclear de-escalation. Vice Foreign Minister Kuznetsov of the Soviet Union also pledged efforts toward nuclear disarmament. It remains to be seen whether their signatures on the treaty will be followed by a break in the arms race. ANNE TUCKERMAN

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The 'Sick Society'

For a few days more the United States will remain in a fearful and self-flagellating mood. Ordinary people, relying on the information they get from the mass media, and professors who have given much study to our national characteristics, are alike profoundly worried. Even before Senator Kennedy died, a *Wall Street Journal* news roundup quoted a statistical clerk in Chicago: "Society is coming apart at the seams." "Public morality has gone to hell," said a retired Atlanta attorney. And of course as long ago as the thirties the image of America as a "sick giant" was a commonplace of political discussion.

The difference is that during the Great Depression the sick giant was a concept of the intellectuals, shared vaguely, if at all, by the millions of unemployed. Now the fixed idea of national sickness has percolated down to the masses, at a time when everybody is affluent—except, of course, the poor. Since the common people, for the most part, have neither explanation nor plausible remedy to offer, perhaps the politicians can help us? Ever since New Hampshire, Senator McCarthy has given himself to this task. President Johnson has also tried to help—with his usual amalgam of cant and platitude. He has now done the obvious, appointing another committee, the Presidential Commission on Violence, headed by Milton S. Eisenhower who, while collecting yet another honorary degree, gave us an inkling of what to expect.

"As never before in our history," said Mr. Eisenhower, "we now need citizens who can reason objectively, critically and creatively within a moral framework; we need in other words a new breed of Americans who will devote as much time and energy to being wise, democratic citizens as they do to being good physicians, engineers or businessmen." He coupled this familiar appeal with an equally familiar warning against "the coercive spread of communism." As a former educator, Mr. Eisenhower might be expected to know that the moral framework is coupled to the political framework, through the ideas of right and wrong in government inculcated by the Establishment. As for his new breed of Americans, the rebellious university students might aspire to that status, but theirs is hardly a breed of which Mr. Eisenhower would approve. And if this latest commission should come up with an original, potentially effective set of ideas, the chances are that its prescriptions would be ignored, like those of the Kerner Commission on the race question.

Can the professors perhaps contribute from their learning and prestige? One of the most prominent, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., also speaking at a commencement exercise, came closer to reality than the former President's brother when he declared that we are today "the most frightening people on this planet" and ascribed our reputation to the assassinations of the Kennedys, the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., the war in Vietnam, and "because the atrocities we commit trouble so little our official self-righteousness, our invincible conviction of our moral infallibility."

Shortly after making this pronouncement, however, Professor Schlesinger declared his neutrality as between Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy, on the ground that Mr. Humphrey was amiss on the Vietnamese War, but good on the race question, while precisely the opposite was true of Mr. McCarthy. Aside from the question of accuracy in regard to Mr. McCarthy's views on domestic issues, Mr. Schlesinger gave little comfort to those who see significant differences in character between the two men, and whose nightmare is to be faced with an absence of choice between Hubert Humphrey and Richard M. Nixon next November.

In *The Nation*'s view, the great danger in the mood of despair that follows the assassination of Robert Kennedy is that it will give place to the apathy which, together with hypocrisy, is our worst collective fault. Otherwise, there is no justification for despair. No one statement can be made truthfully about the United States without taking into account its opposite. Ours is a sick society and in parts it is *not* sick—didn't it trigger a world-wide student protest movement? It is a racist society in that most of its people would rather not live among Negroes, and it is *not* a racist society in that a great many blacks and whites continue to strive together for integration and complete equality of the races. And so in other matters. The truth is that the United States is an arena of social conflict and though the worst may come, it is not written in the stars that it must come. We have enough to plead guilty to without succumbing to self-abjection and in that humiliation finding excuse for inaction.

The crucial manifestation of American violence is the Vietnamese War, which breeds domestic violence as carrion breeds maggots. It is a crowning irony that the arch-exponent of violence, the President of the United States, should deplore violence, seemingly without being aware of the contradiction between his words and his actions. Vice President Humphrey has supported the war without the slightest scruple and, by his own reiterated assurance, would involve us in foreign wars wherever there appeared to be danger of a take-over by Communists, or any government of the Left. And now we are told by political commentators that he has the Democratic nomination sewed up. This is nonsense on its face: the events of the past six months show how unpredictable the outcome of a political campaign is in these turbulent times. The accession of either Humphrey or Nixon to the Presidency could plunge the country into disorder incalculably greater than anything we have experienced so far in this century. The election of Senator McCarthy—or Governor Rockefeller—might at least give us a chance to straighten ourselves out. If the people submit to being led by politicians who have shown themselves so incapable of responding to the national interest, then indeed our society is much sicker than any responsible person has yet dared to suggest.

Rockefeller Awakes

Nelson A. Rockefeller has emerged from the strange apathy which, more than any other factor, has made Richard M. Nixon look like a sure winner in the race (if one can call it that) for the Republican nomination. This is good news for those millions of Americans who hold the balance of power and who, if the machine politicians insist on inviting them to a contest be-

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tween Nixon and Humphrey, will enjoy the comforts of home on Election Day.

Some of these millions are followers of McCarthy, some were followers of Robert F. Kennedy. These are the dissatisfied, the activists who are tired of choosing between two evils—in this case between a lifelong opportunist and a reputed liberal who eagerly followed Lyndon B. Johnson into the Vietnamese hell.

Others are the inert, who require some dramatic shock before they can put the fate of the country before their daily concerns. These latter are the ones James Reston had in mind when he said that all politics "are based on the indifference of the majority . . . ." The way Rockefeller was campaigning, he could only antagonize the concerned (as when he said he could discern no ideological difference between Ronald Reagan and himself), and confirm the apolitical in their apathy.

But when he goes forth to battle, even the unconcerned are stirred, and the spirits of the concerned are uplifted. McCarthy is the man the concerned want and should get. As James P. Warburg says in a brilliantly reasoned letter in the June 12 *New York Times*, there were two forward-looking opponents of the Administration in the Democratic Party, and why should the tragic death of one deny the nomination to the other? But if it should turn out that the machine politicians can force Humphrey upon those Democrats who after the past three and a half years can no longer stomach him, the concerned middle will turn to Rockefeller. He has Lieut. Gen. James M. Gavin advising him on Vietnam, and he is no longer wasting energy trying to compose his differences with right-wing Republicans, who have no more use for him now than when they howled him down at the Cow Palace in 1964.

It is fairly late for Rockefeller, but not too late. The Republican convention begins on August 5, still some weeks away. Once he started running, Rockefeller came out of the backstretch at high speed. In his June 11 speech at the National Press Club, he identified himself with the goals of Robert F. Kennedy and riddled the claims of Richard Nixon. He extolled Senator Kennedy as "a man who cared," and said he felt a personal responsibility to make Senator Kennedy's "unfulfilled dreams" of peace and social justice come true. Taking a hint from McCarthy's discussion of constituency, he contrasted the "old politics" with the "new leadership" which he said he is offering—a claim on which he must make good from now on. "The men of the old politics do not understand change," he said. "They do not comprehend the new realities of American life." He could have added that they failed, and still fail, to understand the realities of brainless anti-communism and the morass into which it has led us in Asia, that they still refuse to recognize the connection between a fruitless policy abroad and a growing crisis at home.

No Republican can be elected by Republican votes alone. The new Rockefeller is aware of that old fact, and in the advertising campaign he launched on June 12 he said: "I do not take my case to Republicans alone. It is a nation and not just a party which needs leading, healing, uniting."

Guns on Capitol Hill

A grim benefit of Senator Kennedy's assassination is the probability that a certain amount of impetus will be imparted to regulation, both federal and state, of firearm ownership. On the day that he was shot, a special nationwide Gallup survey showed the public calling for registration of all firearms as the best way to curb violence in our society. The Gallup staff interviewed by telephone a "national sample" of 442 persons. The questions asked were (*1*) "What do you think are the causes of violent behavior in this nation?" (*2*) "What steps do you think should be taken to prevent such violence in the future?"

The causes, as seen by those interviewed, were in the main quite sophisticated: the nature of our complex society, the fact that the country "has waited too long to tackle the basic causes of racial, ethnic and religious prejudice," poor discipline in the home, etc., ranging down to the traditional complaint of disrespect for God and religion. But while the proposed remedies included the other old standby—stricter law enforcement (more police, less leniency on the part of the courts)—those interrogated were also in favor of stricter gun laws. Gun owners and nonowners alike favored a law requiring registration of *all* guns, banning the sale of *all* guns through the mails, and strict restrictions on the use of guns by minors under 18.

The inclusion of long guns is vital. A revolver or pistol is a short-range weapon, inaccurate except in the hands of an expert, and then only under favorable conditions. With a moderate amount of practice, however, almost anyone can learn to kill at ranges of hundreds of yards with a rifle. But kill what? *The Nation* has not the slightest objection to hunting (when game restrictions are adequate) or to target practice. What it objects to is the misleading propaganda that persuades the ill-informed that the right of qualified persons to own firearms, whether long or short, is in any way threatened.

An interesting anomaly is that the purported public support of laissez faire in gun ownership is a myth. The National Rifle Association may have the support of a majority of its members but not of the public. "For three decades," the June 9 *New York Times* report reads, "the voice of the majority of the people in this country regarding the gun laws has gone unheeded by Congress. On May 1, 1938 . . . the Gallup Poll reported that 84 per cent of all adults favored a law requiring all owners of pistols and revolvers to register with the Government. In the latest survey (1967) 85 per cent would still back such a law."

Before the Kennedy assassination, the Congress had just got around to imposing certain narrow restrictions on commerce in hand guns, but registration was not required and long guns were not restricted at all. What the Congress was prepared to pass was a patsy bill, far less restrictive than some state laws, as in upstate New York. There it has long been the practice to require that an applicant furnish five impeccable references, and be fingerprinted, before a pistol permit may be issued—even with the restriction that the weapon is to be kept on the applicant's premises. And when the permit allows the licensee to carry the weapon in the county of issue, he is subject to arrest

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if he brings it to New York City, where a more stringent local law applies.

One of the new commendations Sen. Thomas Dodd has earned is by virtue of his long-continued efforts to regulate possession of firearms. Taking advantage of the national horror at Senator Kennedy's assassination, President Johnson has pressed his efforts—also meritorious—in the same direction. To what extent Congress will go along with the President and Senator Dodd, even in the present extremity, remains to be seen. Presumably the members of Congress are hesitant not only out of fear of the NRA's powerful lobby but because they feel that veterans' organizations and right-wing groups generally share the NRA view. It is time to end Congressional subservience to such narrow-minded—and narrow-based—pressure groups.

Truth in Moderation

Just a few days before John Daly took office as Director of the Voice of America, he was warned of the difficulties that would face him. In an open memorandum published in *The Nation* (August 28, 1967), Richard J. Walton, then recently resigned as VOA's principal United Nations correspondent, told Daly: "No matter how much authority President Johnson or USIA director Leonard Marks said you will have, you will find it precious little." On June 6, after just nine months in office, Daly angrily resigned, charging Marks with "maladministration" and "executive undercutting."

Walton had warned Daly that " . . . . however much they think of you personally, the foreign service officers, both within USIA proper and VOA, almost certainly regard you as an outsider who will be gone in a year or two. They naturally assume that an outsider, however intelligent, doesn't really get the picture. They will not fight you; they will just pleasantly, smilingly, affably hem you in and among themselves, the club members, make many of the decisions that should be yours."

Daly quit because he learned upon returning from a business trip abroad that one of his senior aides, Leonard Reed, chief of the World-Wide English Division—the largest and most important division—had been transferred to the press service of the parent USIA without Daly's knowledge and over Reed's protests. Daly also learned that while he was away, USIA had been circulating questionnaires through VOA to determine its effectiveness.

Daly denied that USIA had made any effort to censor or control VOA broadcasts. But it can hardly be a coincidence that USIA chose to transfer Reed—long one of VOA's most intelligent, imaginative and effective executives, one who believed that VOA should tell the truth, and one who made no secret of his conviction that VOA should be an independent agency, free to practice objective journalism separate from USIA, the government's propaganda agency. Reed had carried on loyally in VOA's equivocal role as part great broadcasting organization and part propaganda machine.

What happened was that the ranking foreign-service officers in USIA, long hostile to the conviction held by most of the best VOA people that they were obligated to broadcast the truth—the whole truth, and not just the bare minimum necessary to maintain credibility—decided to end VOA's semi-autonomous state by transferring its most effective career executives and replacing them with foreign-service officers who know that their careers (next assignment Rome or Ouagadougou?) depend on not rocking the boat. What better place to start than with Reed? But USIA attempted its coup so clumsily that Daly, his authority undercut, had no choice but to resign.

His resignation made front pages and radio-TV broadcasts all over the nation, the last thing the USIA executives wanted. They don't like public discussion of their maneuvers; maybe, for a while, they'll go slow. But they are determined to muzzle the Voice of America and they'll keep trying.

Juries and the Death Penalty

The Supreme Court has recently declared unconstitutional the practice of excusing prospective jurors in capital cases on the ground that they are conscientiously opposed to the death penalty. The logic of this ruling is unassailable. Justice Potter Stewart said for the majority: "A state may not entrust the determination of whether a man should live or die to a tribunal organized to return a verdict of guilty." It seems hard to believe that it took so long for this principle to be recognized by the courts. Part of the explanation is to be found in the history of "death-qualifying juries" which was discussed in these pages some years ago by Walter E. Oberer (then at the Law School, University of Texas, now at Cornell), whose studies in this field have had a wide influence. [See "The Death Penalty and Fair Trial," April 6, 1964.] In brief, the earliest statutes assessing the death penalty left only one question for the jury—that of guilt or innocence. Most judges at this early period were so enamored of the death penalty that they did not want to share with juries the pleasure of imposing it. Only later, after juries were given some discretion about imposing the death penalty, did the practice arise of excusing jurors who had scruples about it.

The recent decision, while clearly sound, has a narrow focus. The court decided only that the death penalty could not stand when it was imposed in a jurisdiction in which the practice prevails of excusing all prospective jurors who have scruples against the penalty. In a word, the decision strikes at the penalty, not the conviction. It should put the prosecution to no disadvantage in capital cases. Cross-examination may well establish that a juror who has scruples about the penalty is quite capable of returning a fair verdict on the question of guilt or innocence. And peremptory challenges can still be used. But narrow as the decision is it may be of some assistance to 435 defendants now in death rows. If convicted by juries from which all prospective jurors acknowledging scruples against the death penalty were excluded, the penalty may be set aside in their cases, though the convictions, of course, will stand. If, at some later date, it can be established that jurors favoring the death penalty are inherently "prosecution prone," then the principle of the Supreme Court's decision may be extended.

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Students, Workers and the General

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

This can, obviously, be only a preliminary report on those three—or rather, four—weeks that shook not only France but the whole of Europe, and after which nothing will ever be the same again. The financial and economic consequences are at the moment totally unpredictable, except for the now general conviction that, after the steep rise in wages following the *de facto* general strike, which at the peak involved as many as 10 million wage earners, France's competitive power within the European Common Market has been thrown out of gear. It is hard to find anybody in Paris today who does not speak of the coming vicious circle of devaluation, rise in living costs, more strikes, and so on. Only a few weeks ago, the prestige of the French franc was such that unlimited sums could be taken out of the country, and when a panic seized the bourgeoisie, hundreds dashed in their cars to Switzerland, with trunks filled with 500-franc banknotes.

It was all the easier because the French customs officials, too, were on strike, and there was no check on anybody entering or leaving the country. Several days passed before the French Government clamped a 1,000-franc limit on departing travelers—which is still twice as much as the British Government allows British tourists. But then Britain has for years been described as the Sick Man of Europe; will France now become sicker still?

Exchange control is only one minor symptom of France's sickness. According to the history books, nobody in France expected the French Revolution of 1789. Yet, in retrospect, historians have been explaining ad infinitum why it was inevitable. What has been happening in May-June, 1968, has been so extraordinarily complex that for dozens or even hundreds of years historians will no doubt be kept busy trying to explain just how and why this, too, was inevitable. Did nobody foresee it? Foresee what? More or less important strikes—yes; anyone could have foreseen them, as well as a growing ferment among the students, a world-wide phenomenon stretching from Berkeley to Prague, from Madrid to Belgrade, from Paris to Warsaw and even to Moscow—for in Russia, too, there is an overproduction of graduates. But no one in his wildest dreams could have foreseen that the Sorbonne and the Odéon Theatre would be occupied by students for weeks on end (this occupation is still continuing), or that there would be, on three or four nights, barricades in the Latin Quarter, and that the CRS (the riot police) would be called out to beat up hundreds of students with the utmost savagery—broken skulls, broken limbs, not to mention the still unconfirmed reports of young girl students being raped by the CRS in the police vans, and of about a dozen students having "disappeared" —possibly murdered by the police, who then disposed of the bodies to avoid awkward questions. Still less was a strike of 10 million workers expected. How did it all start? Historians will probably trace back the beginning of it all to Nanterre, that strange new section of Paris University recently built in a Paris suburb notorious above all for the appalling shanty towns in which thousands of Spanish, Portuguese and Arab sub-proletarians live in unspeakable conditions of filth and squalor—a constant reminder to the students that there is something seriously wrong in the "affluent society" in which they are supposed to be living.

"Student Power"—the phrase was almost unknown in France three months ago. Today it is on everybody's lips, and Herbert Marcuse, a name scarcely known to the general public, is now described as "the idol of the students." It was at Nanterre—from the students of sociology, a segment of students whose prospects for adequate employment after graduation are even poorer than for the other students, and who object to being dumb instruments in the hands of capitalism even if they *do* get jobs—that the first rumblings of the approaching storm came. M. Misoffe, a member of de Gaulle's government, and following him a French Communist deputy, who had both been invited to speak at Nanterre, were shouted down and virtually thrown out of the university.

The "Movement of March 22" was constituted long before Rudolf Dutschke was shot and dangerously wounded in Berlin. Dutschke, the revolutionary rebel against the West German "affluent society," had his counterpart in France: a group of five or six student leaders at Nanterre, the most dynamic and violent of whom is the now famous ginger-haired, 23-year-old Daniel Cohn-Bendit, here on a grant from the West German Government. Though not a person of any particular significance, he somehow became a symbol of the Students' Revolt—a German Jew, whose parents had fled from Nazi persecution to France, who was born here in 1945, but who chose German, not French, nationality. Symbolizing, as it were, persecution in his own country, he was also a heaven-sent candidate for persecution by the French Government. In one of the street demonstrations I heard hundreds of French students shouting, "We are all German Jews!" And what characterized not only the Nanterre group but the student rebellion as a whole is its internationalism, with its different Maoist, Trotskyist and anarchist slogans. At the Sorbonne today the portraits most often displayed are of Trotsky, Che Guevara and Mao Tse-tung. When, with great difficulty, I penetrated the other day into the Odéon Theatre, I heard a Yugoslav student haranguing a group of young people to the effect that, in the coming general election, they must vote for *any* candidate of the Left but *on no account for a member of the regular French Communist Party,* which suffered from the nationalism and mental sclerosis of the USSR.

In this, he was following the "Nanterre" line of Cohn-

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Abu, The Guardian (London)

Bendit and the rest. To these revolutionaries, the French Communists, with their "reformism" and "revisionism," are part of the French Establishment, only too willing themselves to play loyally the parliamentary party game, and quite content, indefinitely, to get 20 or 25 per cent of the parliamentary votes and seats—in fact, "the most valuable and faithful allies of General de Gaulle." Cohn-Bendit branded the French Communists as both de Gaulle's allies and as *crapules staliniennes,* "Stalinite jerks." And, to the Communists, Cohn-Bendit is just as much an "adventurer" and probably a foreign agent (a CIA agent, for all one knows!) as he is to de Gaulle himself and to a reactionary and anti-Semitic rag like *Minute,* only too delighted to make the greatest xenophobic and anti-Semitic song and dance over Cohn-Bendit's origins.

In a way, one may say that there are two sides to the Student Problem; on the one hand, there is the violent revolutionary minority, loathing both the established order, with its "affluent society," and the "regular" Communist Party, now "part of that society!" On the other hand, there is a large majority of students who have felt, for the last few years, that education, and especially higher education in France, is both archaic and inadequate. As M. Marcel Merle, a professor of the Paris Law Faculty, wrote in *Le Monde* of June 7:

> No one can tell yet what French higher education will be like in the near future, but one thing is certain: a return to the *status quo* is now out of the question. There are two concepts—autonomy and joint management—which are the only things on which all the parties concerned seem at last to be agreed.

It is still far too early to say what complications of an administrative and financial order may yet arise before anything like a satisfactory solution can be found. In principle, the autonomy of the universities has been agreed to by the government; and for more than a month there has been feverish activity, not only among college students but also among high school pupils, working together with their respective professors, teachers and assistants to elaborate new structural reforms in the whole educational system. It seems certain now that they will all have their say in the elaboration of school plans, curricula, etc., instead of merely meekly submitting to the orders coming from the super-centralized Ministry of Education, i.e., from the government. The universities and even the *lycées* (high schools) are, indeed, faced with a thousand problems. The "population bulge" of the 1960s has made itself increasingly felt; the *lycées* themselves are overcrowded and, worse still, far more *lycée* graduates qualify for the university than the universities can accommodate. In the *lycées* and, above all, in the universities there is almost unimaginable overcrowding.

There is also the question of curricula, for under the present system students may leave the university with brilliant diplomas—and no training for the jobs available. And then there are the *Grandes Ecoles*—the pride of traditional France—for many of which three years of preparatory studies are required and which are therefore available (with rare exceptions) only to a certain bourgeois elite who can finance an extended education for their children.

On the Left, many voices have been raised for merging the *Grandes Ecoles* with the universities; but this, naturally, meets with the strongest objections from many of the teachers in the *Grandes Ecoles*. The government sees in these schools a constant source of competent and reliable members of the Establishment, and it will probably fight tooth and nail to save the *Grandes Ecoles* (Polytechnique, Normale Supérieure, Arts-et-Métiers, etc.) despite the "democratic" complaint that not only there but even in the university itself (and even in the better *lycées*) the enrollment from working-class families is miserably small.

But this problem of the future of French educational reform is so enormously complex that it is still impossible, as Professor Merle points out, to say what shape reform will ultimately take. Nor is it practicable here to examine the extreme complexity of Student Power, which in France has assumed to date the most violent and revolutionary forms. It is, however, a world-wide phenomenon with differences of local emphasis. If in Prague, for example, the students put freedom above socialism, in Paris socialism, and not the "phony freedom of your affluent society," gets priority.

It would be untrue to say that the great majority of students in France are in an explosive and revolutionary mood. Most would no doubt be glad to get back to their studies and their exams; but they will, all the same, welcome any structural and organizational improvements brought about by the dynamic minority—those whom M. Christian Fouchet described as *la pègre,* "the scum," only a few weeks ago. "The scum" is what the Polish Government and even the Yugoslav Government called "the hooligans," not to mention the epithets bestowed on the unruly German students by the Springer Press. Now de Gaulle has fired Fouchet, the Minister of the Interior, who unleashed the riot squads against the students, along with M. Peyrefitte, the Minister of Education, though both had originally acted on de Gaulle's orders.

There can be no doubt that the students started the French Revolution of 1968. De Gaulle at first took no notice of it. Although there had already been some murderous clashes in the Latin Quarter, he cheerfully went off to Romania to preach the "abolition of the iron curtain" to the students of Bucharest University. They gave

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him all those enthusiastic cheers he could not have got from the French students. He was living in a different world from that of "his" people, still trying to represent the French intellectual and political leadership of the Europe of his imagination.

By the time de Gaulle returned to Paris (even *he* found it necessary to cut his visit short by twelve hours), France was in near chaos. Millions of workers in every branch of the economy and transport were on strike. The strikes had started from "the base," i.e., spontaneously, and without the O.K. of the labor unions. Within a few days, they had snowballed all over France. The workers reasoned: "The students got their university autonomy—why should not *we* get something, since the government seems in a difficult position and will have to yield?"

A few days after de Gaulle's return, it looked as though the strike was going to be settled. For two days and nights Prime Minister Pompidou and the trade union leaders negotiated in the Ministry of Social Affairs in the Rue de Grenelle. A "protocol of agreement" was signed, greatly increasing the minimum monthly wage from 400 to 600 francs, and granting an average rise of some 10 per cent on all wages.

But then something highly significant happened. *La base*—the rank and file—turned down the agreement, much to the consternation of the trade union leaders, not least Benoit Frachon and Georges Séguy of the CGT (Communist) labor federation with its 2 million members. The opposition appears to have come chiefly from the younger workers—i.e., from the bachelors, not from those burdened with TV and washing-machine hire-purchase installments. The CFDT (the former Catholic) trade union federation took the refusal of *la base* in fairly good humor, and the caution and conservatism of the Communist trade union leaders became, in the next days, the principal target of the "revolutionaries' " scorn and ridicule. These now openly treated Frachon and Séguy as the secret accomplices of the established order and of the Gaullist regime—for whose foreign policy the Communists had always had a weak spot.

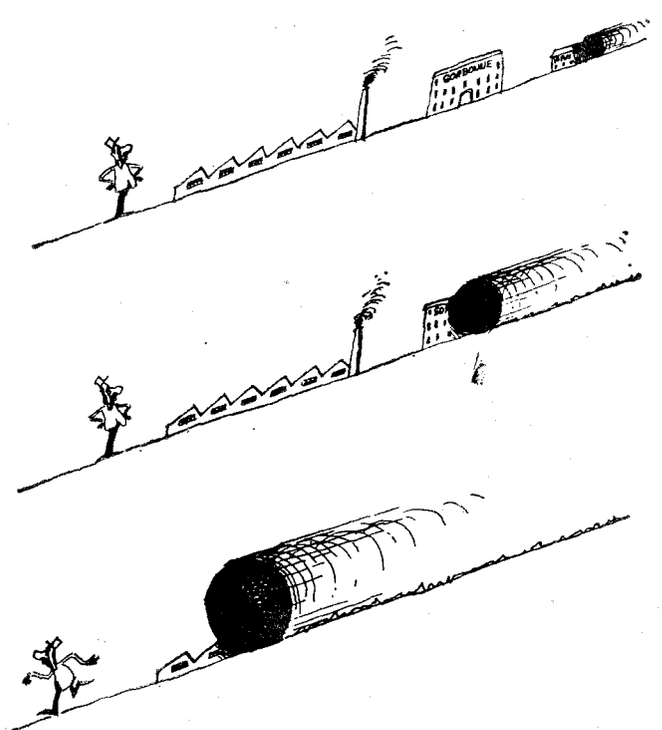
Meantime, de Gaulle had made one of his most serious miscalculations. He could think of nothing better than to propose to the country a referendum to be held on June 16, which in effect amounted to asking the country for a vote of confidence in the government's plans for reorganizing both the economic and educational system. The reaction to this paternalist move among both students and workers, as well as among all the left-wing (and even Center parties), was a defiant No.

It seemed the end of the Gaullist regime. Then, on May 29, it was learned that the cabinet meeting had been canceled and that de Gaulle had left for his country house at Colombey. The reaction in Paris was extraordinary. People remembered how, in January, 1946, de Gaulle, ostensibly disgusted with parliament, had thrown in the sponge. Successors were now ready to step in. A few days before, left-wing leader François Mitterand had held a press conference announcing his intention to stand for President if (as now seemed certain) the referendum were rejected. Mendès-France was spoken of as Prime Minister. *Le Monde,* usually so well informed, claimed that de Gaulle had retired to his village, and that it was the best thing that could happen. Even the ultra-Gaullist *France-Soir* published a melancholy editorial called "De Gaulle Alone."

The foreign press screamed in its headlines of "Civil War in France." French travelers in Germany, Switzerland and England could no longer sell their francs. The strikes, which the trade unions had tried to keep within "economic" limits, were becoming increasingly "politicized," now often directed openly at the overthrow of the Gaullist regime. People in street demonstrations were singing "Adieu, de Gaulle, adieu de Gaulle, adieu!" Despite the anger of the CGT leaders, younger workers were fraternizing more and more with the students, thus by-passing the Communist Party "on the left." By their rejection of the Grenelle Protocols, they were going a step further along the path of some ill-defined revolution.

I need not repeat here the detailed reports of de Gaulle's dramatic return to Paris and the extremely tough statement he made on May 30. He was not giving up, he said. He had been elected by the people. Cleverly, in a threatening tone, he announced what, in fact, everybody had been asking for: No referendum, but dissolution of the National Assembly and new elections. So far so good. But what followed was more ominous. If the election could not take place normally, then "other means" would be used to "save the Republic." Then he announced that France was threatened by a "totalitarian Communist dictatorship"—even though the Communists had, in fact, been his least troublesome opponent. And he called for the constitution of "civil action" committees—something ominously savoring of the RPF, that near-Fascist movement de Gaulle had headed in 1947-53.

Hubert Beuve-Méry, writing in *Le Monde,* remarked



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next day that *civisme* rhymed with *fascisme*; he regretted that de Gaulle had tried to revive the Red bogy—though observing that he did it perhaps chiefly with an eye on provincial opinion in a general election. He also regretted that de Gaulle should have spoken with such disdain of Mitterand and especially Mendès-France as helpless prisoners of the Communists!

Although Mitterand, perhaps angered at the thought that the Presidency had so suddenly slipped out of his reach, announced that de Gaulle's speech was "a declaration of civil war" (Mendès-France was careful to make *no* comment), its psychological effect was, on balance, good. Ordinary living conditions, especially in Paris, were becoming difficult, and there was a prevailing mood of anxiety and tension. The feeling was also growing that Communist leader Maurice Thorez was right in 1963, at the height of the great sit-down strikes of Popular Front days, when he said that "one ought to know when to end a strike." In the next few days the men began to return to work. The Communist reaction to de Gaulle's virulent attack was typical: "He forgets that we are a party with a sense of the state." The strikers had, after all, gained enormous concessions during the days when the de Gaulle government had very nearly lost its head and been prepared to pay almost any price for a "return to normal." What the economic consequences of these concessions will be is, of course, another matter.

And, in the Champs Elysées I witnessed a spectacle which gave me very uncomfortable feelings. Here several hundred thousands gathered to acclaim de Gaulle. These were the "party of the scared ones"—the middle classes who dreaded for a few days that they were being financially ruined—and, along with them, all the old RPF and Vichyite and *Algérie Française* riffraff. And some were carrying —American flags. A few days before, receiving the new U.S. Ambassador, de Gaulle said in effect that France and the United States were on the same side, on the side of freedom, and that Vietnam was only "episodical." That was something new from the General.

And now for the election. In the National Assembly elected in 1967, the Fifth Republic and its allies had only a small and precarious majority. Playing now on the uneasiness and *the fear of civil war* produced in the country by the greatest strike in its history, and by several cases of street violence, de Gaulle (in the good old French Bonapartist tradition) is the man of law and order. There is serious danger that the liberal autocracy of the Gaullist regime will be replaced by a tough autocracy savoring of a camouflaged kind of fascism.

De Gaulle had already reduced the role of parliament to little more than a rubber stamp. But now, with what will probably be a substantial Gaullist majority, he will *use* parliament with all the motions of being a democratic and parliamentary leader. As Mitterand, the leader of the Left opposition, said: "It will not be easy: we have two weeks left to overcome fear." In opening the election campaign on June 7 with a fifty-minute "dialogue" with a well-trained questioner, a Gaullist member of the conservative *Figaro,* Mitterand spoke chiefly of "participation" as the main cure for all of France's ills. Demagogically, he condemned *both* communism and capitalism, and spoke of the students who would "participate" in the running of the industries. But he made sure not to mention the labor unions.

It was all disastrously reminiscent of the slogans of the RPF, the French People's Rally, one of whose greatest ambitions was to form the Labor-Capital Association—and thus abolish the labor unions. The immediate reaction of the union leaders was: "Participation, O.K., but where do the labor unions come in?" And they added that all this was very old hat, and that de Gaulle had not invented anything; the kind of "participation" he had in mind had been invented long ago, much to the joy of the capitalists, by none other than Mussolini. When pressed by his questioner on TV why de Gaulle had not brought up this question of "participation" before, Mitterand said in effect that there had been too much opposition to it (i.e., from the labor unions and from the Left generally), but that now, with the country scared and weakened, "conditions had changed."

If de Gaulle really goes to the lengths of trying to abolish the labor unions, there will be serious trouble. In any case, there is sure to be a lot of trouble and a lot of complications; but an all-out attack on the labor unions can only produce chaos.

As the days go by, more and more is being learned about one of the most dramatic and far-reaching episodes of all—de Gaulle's "flight" to Colombey, and his return twenty-four hours later when he declared that he was staying on. Having lost his head over the strikes, Prime Minister Pompidou, it is now learned, urged de Gaulle, before his departure for Colombey, to resign. He himself was proposing to set up a "Government of National Safety," with all the more thuggish Gaullist leaders taking control of such key posts as the Ministries of Defense and Interior. In fact, de Gaulle was being deserted—by the Gaullists. That would explain the startling "De Gaulle Alone" article in *France-Soir*. It was learned, soon after his departure for Colombey, that he arrived there at least six hours later than expected. Where had he been meantime? He had decided to play what seemed at the time his last remaining card: he visited the French army headquarters in Germany, and appealed to Massu and other "Algerian" anti-de Gaulle rebels to support him, to "save France from civil war." They agreed to support him—at what price we may some day discover. He is said to have remarked after meeting the generals: "If I have failed to make peace with the French people, I have at least the consolation, in my old age, of having made peace with the army."

He had, in fact, turned the army into a political party —which is precisely what, much to their anger, he had stopped them from being in the days of the Algerian War. Then, confident in the army's support, he returned to Paris a changed man. The "Liberal Dictatorship" of the Gaullist regime now seemed at an end. Pompidou was ordered to remain at the head of the government, and there were to be new elections in which, de Gaulle was confident, a frightened France would give the Gaullists—a very motley crowd, comprising both "liberals" and Fascists—a huge majority. Will things now settle down, or will France become a bigger "pro-American" Greece?

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WHAT VIOLENCE IS

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Most people deplore violence, some people embrace violence (perhaps reluctantly), and a few people renounce violence. But through all these postures there runs a certain obscurity: it is never entirely clear just what violence is. Those who deplore violence loudest and most publicly are usually pillars of the *status quo*—school principals, businessmen, politicians, ministers. What they inveigh against most often is overt attack on property or against the "good order of society." They rarely see violence in defense of the *status quo* in the same light as violence directed against it. At the time of the Watts riots in 1965 Mr. Johnson urged Negroes to realize that nothing of value can be won through violent means—a proposition which may be true but which the President did not apply to the escalation in Vietnam he was just then embarked upon, and which it would never have occurred to him to apply to the actions of the Los Angeles Police Department. Since the President is not the only leader who deplores violence while at the same time perpetrating it, a little more clarity about what exactly we deplore might help all around.

Violence often involves physical force, and the association of force with violence is very close: in many contexts the words become synonyms. An obvious instance is the reference to a violent storm, a storm of great force. But in human affairs violence and force cannot be equated. Force without violence is often used on a person's body. If a man is in the throes of drowning, the standard Red Cross life-saving techniques specify force which is certainly not violence. To equate an act of rescue with an act of violence would be to lose sight entirely of the significance of the concept. Similarly, surgeons and dentists use force without doing violence.

Violence in human affairs is much more closely connected with the idea of violation than with the idea of force. What is fundamental about violence is that a person is violated. And if one immediately senses the truth of that statement, it must be because a person has certain rights which are undeniably, indissolubly, connected with his being a person. One of these is a right to his body, to determine what his body does and what is done to his body—inalienable because without his body he would cease to be a person. Apart from a body, what is essential to one's being a person is dignity. The dignity of a person does not consist in his remaining dignified, but rather in his ability to make his own decisions. In this respect what is fundamental about a person is radically different from what is fundamental about a dog. The way I treat my dog, which seems to be a good way to treat a dog, is to train him to respond in a more or less mechanical way to certain commands. However, to treat a human being in that way is an affront to his dignity, because a minimum of autonomy is essential to a human being.

The right to one's body and the right to autonomy are undoubtedly the most fundamental natural rights of persons. A subsidiary one stems from the right to autonomy. It is characteristic of human action to be purposive and to have results and consequences; freedom therefore is normally conceived as involving not only the right to decide what to do but also the right to dispose of or cope with the consequences of one's action. One aspect of this is the right to the product of one's labor, which has played an important role in the theory of both capitalism and communism. If this line of thought is extended to the point of considering one's property an extension of his person, the scope of the concept of violence becomes greatly enlarged—perhaps in harmony with popular thought on the subject, at least on the part of propertied persons (however, one should always bear in mind that even a propertied person can reconcile himself much more readily to loss of possessions than he can to loss of life). The right to cope with one's own problems and to face the consequences of one's acts (which I do not accord my dog) is typically abrogated by paternalism.

So violence in human affairs amounts to violating persons. It occurs in several markedly different forms, and can usefully be classified into four different kinds based on two criteria, whether the violence is personal or institutionalized, and whether the violence is overt or covert and quiet.

Overt physical assault of one person on the body of another is the most obvious form of violence. Mugging, rape and murder are the flagrant "crimes of violence," and when people speak of violence in the streets it is usually those acts that cross their minds. I share the general concern over the rising rate of these crimes, but deplore the tendency to limit the image of violence to just these three assaults. These are cases where an attack on a human body is also both clearly an attack on a person and clearly illegal. But even here we must not tie these characteristics in too tight a package, for some acts of violence are intended as a defense of law or a benefit to the person whose body is beaten—e.g., ordinary police activity (not "police brutality") and the corporal punishment of children by parents and teachers. The fact that policemen, parents and teachers invoke socially defined roles when they resort to violence indicates that these cases have institutional aspects that overshadow the purely personal ones; but that fact cannot erase the violence done. Of course not all cases are so clear (I leave to the reader to ponder just how, in sex acts, we distinguish on practical grounds between those that are violent and those that are not). But whenever you employ force on another person's body without his consent you are attacking not just a physical entity but a person—and that is personal overt violence.

In war, what one army tries to inflict on another is what happens to individuals in cases of mugging and mur-

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der. The soldiers are responsible for acts of violence against "the enemy," at least in the logical sense that the violence would not have occurred if the soldiers had refused to act. The Nuremberg trials attempted to establish that individual soldiers are responsible morally and legally too, but this overlooked the extent to which the institutionalization of violence makes ambiguous its moral dimension. On the one hand an individual soldier is not acting on his own initiative and responsibility; on the other, a group does not have a soul and cannot act except through the agency of individual men. Thus there is a real difficulty in assigning responsibility for such institutional

violence. The other side of the violence, its object, is equally ambiguous for "the enemy" is being attacked as an organized political force, and yet the bodies of individual men (and women and children) receive the blows. Warfare, therefore, because it is an institutionalized form of violence, differs from murder in certain fundamental respects.

Riots are another form of institutionalized violence, although their warlike character was not widely recognized until the publication of the report of the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders. Some persons maintain that a riot is basically a massive crime wave, but it also can take on a warlike character. One of the characteristics of the Watts riot, as readers of Robert Conot's *Rivers of Blood, Years of Darkness* know, was that the people who were supposed to be controlling the situation, the Los Angeles police and their various reinforcements, simply did not possess basic facts about the community. In particular, they did not know what persons could exercise a sort of leadership if the group were left alone.

So the Los Angeles police force and its various allies conducted what amounted to a war campaign. They acted like an army that seizes foreign territory, and their actions had the effect of breaking down whatever social structure there might have been—which in turn had the effect of releasing more overt violence. The military flavor of urban disturbances has increased over the years, and in 1967 the authorities of Newark and Detroit employed not only machine guns and automatic rifles but also tanks and armored personnel carriers, in what the Kerner Commission characterized as "indiscriminate and excessive use of force." For that reason the urban disorders of recent summers are quite different from criminal situations in which police act against individual miscreants.

The overt forms of violence are, on the whole, easier to recognize than quiet or covert violence, which does not necessarily involve direct physical assault on anybody's person or property. There are both personal and institutional forms of quiet violence. Consider first a case of what we might call psychological violence, involving individuals. The following item appeared in *The New York Times*:

> PHOENIX, Ariz., Feb. 6 (AP)—Linda Marie Ault killed herself, policemen said today, rather than make her dog Beauty pay for her night with a married man.
>
> The police quoted her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ault, as giving this account:
>
> Linda failed to return home from a dance in Tempe Friday night. On Saturday she admitted she had spent the night with an Air Force lieutenant.
>
> The Aults decided on a punishment that would "wake Linda up." They ordered her to shoot the dog she had owned about two years.
>
> On Sunday, the Aults and Linda took the dog into the desert near their home. They had the girl dig a shallow grave. Then Mrs. Ault grasped the dog between her hands, and Mr. Ault gave his daughter a .22-caliber pistol and told her to shoot the dog.
>
> Instead, the girl put the pistol to her right temple and shot herself.
>
> The police said there were no charges that could be filed against the parents except possible cruelty to animals.

The reason there can be no charges is that the parents did no physical damage to Linda. But that they did terrible violence to the girl the father himself recognized when he said to a detective, "I killed her; I killed her. It's just like I killed her myself." If we fail to recognize that a real psychological violence can be perpetrated on people, a violation of their autonomy, their dignity, their right to determine things for themselves, to be men rather than dogs, then we fail to realize the full dimension of what it is to do violence.

One of the obvious transition cases between overt personal violence and quiet personal violence is the threat. A person who does something under threat of being shot is degraded by losing his autonomy. We recognize that in law and morals: if a person so threatened takes money out of a safe and hands it to a robber, we say that that person acted under compulsion, and the responsibility for what is done lies only with the robber.

Of course, the person coerced with the threat of injury or death needn't surrender his autonomy; he *could* just refuse to hand over the loot. There can be a great deal of dignity in such a refusal, and one of the messages of Sartre's moral philosophy is that whenever one acts other than with full responsibility for his own actions, he is acting in bad faith. That very demanding philosophy puts great emphasis upon autonomy and dignity, and is not to

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be lightly dismissed. Nevertheless one cannot expect that people will act with such uncompromising strength and dignity. To recognize that they can be broken down by threats and other psychological pressures as well as by physical attack, and that to have acted under threat or duress is as good an excuse before the law as physical restraint, establishes for the community the concept of psychological violence.

Another insidious form of psychological violence is what might be called the "Freudian rebuff." It works like this: A person makes a comment on the Vietnamese War or on civil rights or on some other current topic. The person he is talking to then says: "Well, you're just saying that because of your relations with your father." The original speaker naturally objects: "Of course I had a father, but look at the facts." And he starts bringing out the journals and newspapers and presents facts and statistics from them. "You must have a terrible Oedipus complex; you're getting so excited about this." And the person then says: "Look, I've had some fights with my father, but I've read the paper and I have an independent interest in the civil rights question. It has nothing to do with my father." To which the response is, "Well, your denial just proves how deep your Oedipus complex is."

This type of Freudian rebuff has the effect of what John Henry Newman called "poisoning the wells." It gives its victim no ground to stand on. If he tries to advance facts and statistics, they are discounted and his involvement is attributed to Freudian factors. If he attempts to prove himself free of the aberration in question, his very protest is used as evidence against him. To structure a situation against a person in such a manner does violence to him by depriving him of his dignity: no matter what he does there is no way at all, so long as he accepts the problem in the terms in which it is presented, for him to make a response that will allow him to emerge with honor.

Although this sort of cocktail-party Freudianism is not very serious in casual conversations, there are many forms of this ploy where the whole life and character of a person may be involved. A classic literary and religious version is the dispute between Charles Kingsley and John Henry Newman in the 19th century, in which Kingsley challenged Newman's integrity and ended up losing his stature as a Protestant spokesman, and which is written up in fascinating detail in Newman's *Apologia*. A political variation is the Marxian rebuff where, of course, it is because of your class standing that you have such and such a view, and if you deny that the class standing is influencing you in that way, your very denial shows how deeply you are imbued with the obfuscating ideology. Between parent and child, as between husband and wife, there are variations which turn upon the identification (by one insistent party) of love with some particular action, so that the other party must either surrender his automony or acknowledge his faithlessness.

This sort of psychological violence is most damaging when the person structuring the situation is in some position of special authority, e.g., in schools. An imaginative child does something out of the ordinary, and the teacher's response is that he is a discipline problem. It now becomes impossible for the child to get out of being a problem. If he tries to do something creative he will be stepping out of line again and thereby "confirming" that he is a discipline problem. If he stays in line he will become a scholastic problem, thereby "confirming" that he did not have potential for anything but mischief. The result is a kind of stunted person typical of schools operating in large urban areas.

This last variation of the psychological rebuff leads to the fourth general category of violence, institutionalized quiet violence. The schools are an institution, and teachers are hired not so much to act on their own as to fulfill a predetermined classroom role. Violence done by the teacher may therefore not be personal but institutional: perpetrated while acting as a faithful agent of the educational system.

The idea of such institutional violence is very important. A clearer example may be a well-established system of slavery or colonial oppression, or the life in contemporary American ghettos. Once established, such a system may require relatively little overt violence to maintain it. It is legendary that Southerners used to boast, "We understand our nigras; they are happy here and wouldn't want any other kind of life"—and there is no reason to doubt that many a Southerner, raised in the system and sheltered from the recurrent lynchings, believed it. In that setup it is possible for an institution to go along placidly, with no overt disturbances, and yet to be terribly brutal.

There is more violence in the black ghettos than anywhere else in America—even when the ghettos are quiet. At the time of the Harlem riots in 1964 the Negro psychologist Kenneth Clark said that there was more day-to-day

violence in the life of the ghettos than there was in any day of those disturbances. I'm not sure exactly what he meant. There is a good deal of overt personal violence in the black ghettos, for reasons Fanon has explained in *The Wretched of the Earth*. But we must also recognize the quiet violence in the very operation of the system. Bernard Lafayette of SCLC speaks angrily of the violence of the *status quo*: "The real issue is that part of the 'good order of society' is the routine oppression and racism committed against millions of Americans every day. That is where the

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real violence is." A black ghetto in most American cities operates very like any system of slavery. Relatively little overt violence is needed to keep the institution going, and yet the institution violates the human beings involved because they are systematically denied the options which are open to the vast majority in the society. A systematic denial of options is one way to deprive men of autonomy.

Perhaps denying options would not do violence to people if each individual person were an island unto himself and individuality were the full truth about human life. But it is not. We are social beings; our whole sense of what we are is dependent on the fact that we live in society, and have open to us socially determined options. What access we have to the socially defined options is much more important than what language or what system of property rights we inherit at birth. The institutional form of quiet violence operates when people are deprived of choices in a systematic way by the very manner in which transactions normally take place. It is as real, and as wicked, as the thief with a knife.

'Legitimate Violence'

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

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Is American society naturally violent? Yes, it is; but to say so may still be misleading. For to most citizens, I believe, an affirmative answer implies that we need more law enforcement, more respect for property, more self-control, more emphasis on getting ahead and not goofing off, and the like. But these, I believe, are the major causes of the prevalence of violence in America today, and I should hate to see any one of them increased. Taking law enforcement first, it is clear that the police themselves are the major source of civil violence in the United States. It is routine in most cities of this country —the better-to-do-suburbs are still a little more genteel—for poor, black or political (i.e., hippie or "peacenik") prisoners to find themselves booked for resisting arrest after having been beaten up in the process of being arrested and booked. In Watts, San Francisco and Memphis, the spark that set off rioting was in each case the killing of a Negro youth by police. The recent report of the President's Commission on Civil Disorders emphasized the abrasive relations between police and residents of the inner city; several studies have indicated that the prevalence of racist and authoritarian attitudes is significantly higher among police than among the total population. Yet, in anticipation of expected summer rioting, police are being armed with Mace and drilling themselves in paramilitary counterinsurgency tactics. This is the second most effective way of insuring that any disturbances which occur will really be violent. The most effective way, also to be employed, is to call in the National Guard, a body which makes up in enthusiasm for its lack of professional skill.

If we were really concerned with averting violence we would not, as a matter of public policy, maintain and use such instruments. But, in fact, what we are really most concerned about is the protection of property and the restoration and maintenance of business as usual. Most of what we call violence turns out to have been looting—i.e., violence against property. Violence against persons—i.e., bloodshed—results almost solely from the attempts of the authorities to stop the looting and restore order; and nearly all of the blood is shed by poor Negroes. The newspapers were especially imprecise in distinguishing between property damage and personal injury when reporting the "violence" aroused by the murder of Dr. King. That, I believe, was largely because they wanted these eruptions to be regarded as a kind of social pathology, for which only history can be blamed, rather than as evidence of a genuine conflict of interest between owners whose property was being violated and angry Negroes who were getting beaten and shot for breaking, entering and stealing—a rather more severe penalty than the formal processes of law provide even for such offenses.

But busting looters is legitimate; and American society has always endorsed legitimate violence. In fact, most of us do not consider it violence at all. Respect for law has become one of the nastiest features of the American character. Anything we can get legitimated passes without question. We feel free to destroy Vietnam as long as we enjoy the complicity of its officially recognized government—even though we know that government to be a fictional piece of apparatus we ourselves helped install. And any disruptive social group to which lawlessness can be imputed is a fair target for violent suppression. Student demonstrators are commonly called "rioters," and are often violently suppressed on the ground of alleged violation of local ordinances. The American ideological insistence that we live in a classless society has obscured for us the fact that law is an instrument of social policy which functions by providing access to *force majeure*—in the nature of things, usually on the side of the most powerful. Law is, among other things, instant violence; and worshipers of law and order are worshipers of violence (as the doctrine of the far Right illustrates), so long as that violence is used to defend existing social arrangements. To the far Right, champions of the poor, and especially of poor Negroes, must seem illegitimate per se and the most tempting of targets.

After Watts, and the mayhem committed on the people who attempted to protest President Johnson's appearance at the Century Plaza Hotel last year, to find oneself dependent for protection on the Los Angeles Police Department should seem a final irony. But our belief that *legitimated* violence is morally acceptable is very deeply rooted, and stems, I believe, from our opportunism—for this is ever the land of opportunity where failure, not murder, is the unforgivable sin. The commitment to empirical success leads us quite willingly to treat people like things, once the legal arrangements have been made; so that the Army saw no incongruity in setting up an exhibit in the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry in which children blasted away at a simulated Vietnamese village while a taped voice congratulated them on their effectiveness as destroyers. Opportunism as a positive faith underlies our legalism; for the only moral offense we really recognize is the rule breaking that gives competitors an unfair advantage. At the same time, victory may fairly be sought by imposing rules that favor your kind of team; and the loser is supposed to grin and try by the rules to get them changed —which is usually impossible.

Even this narrowest of moral creeds condemns the denial of economic opportunity to Negroes, and I believe that most Americans have come to disapprove the practice. But God help the Negro—or the young militant—who rejects the game itself; or who does not see people as expendable counters in a game, even if all have an equal chance to compete. It is these who constitute America's favorite victims of violence, for they undercut the very basis of society's legitimacy and threaten to halt the game. White America's fear of looters, intense as it is, is far less, I believe, than would be its fear of Negroes who did not want whiskey or TV, or who joined white leaders in a promising effort to improve not only the distribution of rewards in our society but the common view of what is rewarding.

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VIETNAM: THE DOCTORS' DILEMMA

MARTIN L. ALBERT

Dr. Albert, a physician, was discharged from active duty in the Army as a conscientious objector. Since returning to civilian life, he has been a consultant for Resist, the New England Resistance, the Boston Draft Resisters' Group, the American Friends Service Committee and like-minded groups.

War is a health hazard with which doctors may properly concern themselves. In the correspondence section of the *New England Journal of Medicine,* several medical students signed their names to a pledge of nonparticipation in the armed forces if they must serve in Vietnam. They made this pledge "in the name of freedom, conscience and dignity." One month later this same correspondence section exploded with replies, all hostile, to the medical students' pledge. One physician was "appalled," another "disgusted"; the medical students were considered "naive," perhaps "lax in their pursuit of facts pertaining to medical science," and exponents of "the Communists' propaganda line."

Do physicians have some special, or different, obligation with reference to supporting the armed forces? As I speak with groups of physicians, medical students, para-medical and non-medical personnel, certain questions are consistently raised. As citizens, don't physicians have a peculiar obligation to serve in the armed forces? Is it right for a physician, who is supposed to prevent and relieve human suffering, to be selective in his choice of patients, refusing to treat wounded military personnel? How can a physician be a conscientious objector? He will not be asked to kill, only to heal the sick and wounded. Is it true that the role of a physician as a member of the armed forces is different from that of a civilian physician? Do physicians have the right to withhold their professional skills as a means of effecting political change?

All citizens have an equal obligation to their country. If non-physicians must accept induction, so should physicians. It is possible, however, to consider that there are other ways in which one may best serve his country, for example by working for a general improvement of medical care, an end to the arms race, an end to chemical-biological-radiological warfare. This is true for physicians and non-physicians alike. However, physicians in particular have selected a vocation dedicated to the maintenance and preservation of life. Both the Director of Selective Service and the Secretary of the Army have told me privately that they agree with the statement, "A good modern army is organized primarily to kill." It is reasonable to question whether anyone could or should support such an organization.

Physicians have always been selective in choosing their patients. They select a particular location in which to practice, limiting themselves geographically. Many physicians specialize, thereby limiting themselves to specific diseases. This traditional selectivity of the physician has left major segments of the population with inadequate medical care. Physicians may feel that by electing to serve nonmilitary individuals who need them they are accomplishing two purposes: aiding the sick and diminishing the effectiveness of an organization designed primarily to kill.

There are several reasons why a physician can be a conscientious objector: He has the legal right as an American citizen to have his basic religious and moral convictions recognized. A physician has no inherent responsibility to select as his patients only members of the armed forces. It is incorrect to assume that by not serving in the Army he is refusing to treat wounded American soldiers. Would one charge that a doctor who practices in New York is refusing to serve critically ill Bostonians? A physician may be a conscientious objector because he believes his actions in support of the armed forces would in the long run be destructive of health and life. Without his services the Army would be less efficient. Being a conscientious objector is like practicing preventive medicine.

The primary function of a military physician is to maintain the members of the armed forces at peak fighting capability. His main obligation is to the institution, rather than to the patient. This means that the military physician does not always attempt to cure or completely treat every soldier's disability. Newly inducted army medical officers have been instructed that psychiatric disability need not always be treated. They have been told, in fact, that psychotics sometimes make good soldiers. A career Army psychiatrist stated that a sergeant leading a group of men up a hill that had no protective foliage and was held by the enemy would *have* to be crazy. It also means that the confidentiality of the doctor-patient relationship, which many civilian physicians and their patients consider sacrosanct, is officially disregarded. It means that a physician who would make one medical decision as a civilian might have to make another as a military officer. A Navy surgeon recently returned from Vietnam said that he had seen Vietcong prisoners who were not being given proper medical attention.

For years many physicians in this country have been organized for the purpose, among others, of affecting America's political life. This organized political activity has been concerned with economics, education, health and other problems. It is not unreasonable, therefore, for physicians as a group to become involved with matters of international life and death.

In recent years more physicians, individually and in groups, have publicly opposed the war. David McLanahan in "Diary of an American Medical Interne in Vietnam" (*Saturday Review,* March 25, 1967) discusses the ghastly effects of the war on the Vietnamese population. Dr. Howard Levy spoke out against the war and refused to train special forces for duty in Vietnam. He did not believe that medicine was being used ethically in the war. His forthright stand has stimulated many others in the medical field to become more politically active. The

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National Medical Resistance Union is a loosely organized group of medical students in many states who are actively resisting the draft. In addition to personal resistance, they disseminate information and promote discussions on resistance activities. A growing organization of medical students, younger physicians and others in health-related fields, called the Medical Committee for Human Rights, has become concerned with the war. Originally a group organized to improve the health of individuals who have been excluded from the mainstream of good health care, they have become "enraged" with the war and its direct damage to international health. They have passed a formal resolution deploring the war, and are publicly working to end it.

The Physicians for Social Responsibility, a Boston-based group of doctors concerned with the social aspects of medicine, has issued a statement in opposition to the war. They have spoken out against chemical-biological-radiological warfare, and are currently preparing a booklet for physicians on alternatives to military service. When Dr. Benjamin Spock was indicted on charges of having violated the Selective Service Act by counseling young men to refuse to serve in the armed forces in the Vietnamese War, a Doctors to Support Spock Committee was started. Medical students, traditionally conservative, are being roused from their torpor. Many are seeking advice on the draft from the draft counseling and draft resistance groups that have sprung up across the country. Lectures, teach-ins and panel discussions on physicians and their relationship to the armed forces are being held in medical schools.

The physicians who stated in their letters to the *New England Journal of Medicine* that "the war in Vietnam is a horrible thing but is much to be desired rather than allowing the ungodly tentacles of communism slowly to strangle the world," and that "the only way to end the slavery imposed by the Communists is to beat the bloody pulp out of them and leave the people truly free" are now facing a new confrontation—that with physicians who feel that the way to end the war is to stop waging it.

Rosenhouse

BROADCAST ORATORY

FALLACIES OF EQUAL TIME

SALLY FLY

Miss Fly, writer and publicist, is currently at work on a biography, The Most Dangerous Man, *about the career of her father, James Lawrence Fly, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission from 1939 through 1944.*

"Section 315 is like the weather—everyone talks about it. Nobody does anything." That is what E. William Henry, former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, said recently. Section 315 is the passage in the Federal Communications Act that regulates political broadcasting. Called the "equal-time" provision, it requires that each licensed station treat all candidates seeking nomination or election for a particular office in the same manner: sell time, but have available an equal amount of time at the same price; give time, but give the same quality time—in equal amounts—to all.

That sounds reasonable, but it is dangerously deceptive. A candidate is not really guaranteed equal access to the electronic forum. To guarantee rich and poor candidates the same opportunity to purchase radio or TV time is a slippery sophistry. The Waldorf-Astoria is also open to rich and poor alike.

Free time is an even greater hoax. Networks cannot afford to give air time to the major party candidates for debates or straight talks if they must be equally obliging to all the minor party candidates. The result is that Section 315 reduces the opportunity of all candidates to be heard and is a disservice to the public.

In 1959, the Congress exempted newscasts, interviews, documentaries and on-the-spot coverage of legally qualified candidates from the rigors of Section 315. This makes it possible for the networks to present major party candidates who are newsworthy without being forced to present every hopeful But imaginative broadcast journalists should not be confined to a designated type of program for presenting candidates.

After the Presidential candidates had been nominated in 1960, the Congress temporarily suspended the equal-time restriction for appearances by Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates during that campaign. This allowed the networks to present the "Great Debates" between John Kennedy and Richard Nixon. The TV networks gave more than thirty-nine hours and the radio networks forty-three hours. In the 1964 elections, however, Section 315 remained in effect. The TV networks gave only one and

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one-quarter hours to the candidates themselves and on the radio networks the candidates were heard for only seven and one-half hours. Almost all of these appearances were on exempt news programs. The TV networks gave no time to minority party candidates, and the radio networks gave only thirty minutes.

Jack Gould, the *New York Times* television critic, suggests why the provision was not lifted in 1964: "President Johnson quietly put the damper on suspension of Section 315 lest his own prominence be compromised by exposure for Senator Barry Goldwater."

On May 29 this year the Senate passed, and sent to the House, a resolution to shelve Section 315 temporarily, as in 1960. Sen. John Pastore, Democrat of Rhode Island and chairman of the subcommittee on communications of the Senate Commerce Committee, sponsored this resolution. But it would not become effective until September 1, after the nominations.

In the House, Rep. Lionel Van Deerlin, California Democrat, co-authored a similar bill with James Broyhill, Republican from North Carolina. Their bill is being held in abeyance, with no hearings scheduled. Many Congressmen are leery of Section 315 suspension. As incumbents, they're reluctant to give exposure to a relatively unknown adversary, and though at present only the two top offices are in question, the principle makes them nervous.

All Democratic and Republican Presidential candidates this year favor suspension of Section 315, except New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller who has remained mute on the issue. Dr. Frank Stanton, president of C.B.S.; Julian Goodman, president of N.B.C.; and Leonard Goldenson, president of A.B.C., all endorse immediate suspension of 315, at least as it relates to the Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates. James Hagerty, vice president of A.B.C., said: "No free time will be given to any candidate, except on the exempt programs—newscasts, interviews and the like—until or unless Section 315 is suspended."

Perhaps Stanton, Goldenson and Goodman should test the constitutionality of Section 315, as John Desmond, a *New York Times* Sunday editor, has suggested. It just might be declared a violation of the First Amendment. But perhaps the three network presidents enjoy the issue more than they would the victory; this way they can appear to be on the side of the angels without contributing time to the cause.

The networks assume that free time is a generous gift from them to the candidates and the public, but the gift is the other way around. The public has given the networks the privilege of using a rare public resource, the air waves. In exchange, the networks must perform some public service. James Lawrence Fly, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission from 1939 through 1944, wrote in 1953 to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.: "The airways belong to the public, and should not be given out solely for private exploitation. The force of broadcasting in the field of public opinion is awe-inspiring. There is a very strong public interest in having the important public issues aired by this most effective means. And that interest rises higher than the private claims of candidates. The obvious danger (with startling costs) is that campaigns will be won by the richer." Fly forecast fifteen years ago what is coming to pass in the pre-nomination time of 1968.

Rose Kennedy told reporters: "It's our money and we're free to spend it any way we please. It's part of this campaign business. If you have money, you spend it to win. And the more you can afford, the more you'll spend. It's something that is not regulated. Therefore, it's not unethical." That statement is for the moment tragically irrelevant, but the situation remains. As was said about John D. Rockefeller, he never broke a law, but because of him a lot of new laws were enacted.

Even before the nominations in 1964, the GOP spent $1.2 million to turn the political broadcasting stiles for its candidates. In that same period the Democratic Presidential candidates spent $355,000, on radio and television. Robert Kennedy lavished $600,000, perhaps $750,000, on his Indiana primary campaign this spring. Nebraska cost him about $500,000, Oregon more than $400,000. More than one-third of these expenditures went for broadcasting and related costs such as broadcasting production and newspaper ads telling of the programs.

Political broadcasting began to be expensive almost four decades ago. In 1932 the Democrats ran up such a big radio bill that their creditors were not paid until 1936. Broadcasters now demand cash in advance from a politician.

There is no federal law limiting the amount of money a Presidential candidate may spend for his campaign. Nor is there a law that requires him to tell how much money he is spending. Who wins the nominations under such conditions? Millionaires? Or poor candidates pressured into Faustian bargains with campaign contributors?

It would be false to generalize that money wins. In 1964 Barry Goldwater spent the most money ever (almost $14.5 million) and lost by the biggest margin ever. Lyndon Johnson's tab for his campaign in 1964 was about $10 million. But the man with the money has an edge. Does this mean political leadership is replaced by wealth, that Croesus replaces Pericles? Not necessarily, but we teeter on that abyss. And ideas stagnate; the dialogue narrows.

And if Section 315 is to be suspended it should be for nomination as well as election. The networks should be required to give a certain amount of free time to the major party candidates, as they have pledged themselves to do. The time given to minor party candidates should be in proportion to the number of votes the party commanded in the preceding election: no votes, no time—except upon presentation of petitions bearing enough signatures to prove that some support exists for the party.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., extends the notion of free television time. In a letter to me he said: "It seems to me reasonable that the federal government should make available free television time to the major political parties for, say, the last eight weeks of every Presidential campaign."

Mr. Schlesinger, I assume, means that the federal government should subsidize the networks. But he neglects the pre-nomination period. If Section 315 is to be suspended, it should be done early enough to allow public

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opinion to express itself before the professional politicians shape the conventions results to their special requirements.

In 1964 the candidates used TV spots similar to the old Burma Shave highway signs—catchy word rhythms and name repetition. They spent 60 per cent of their television campaign dollars for these ten-to-sixty-second announcements These spots are indeed a way to stretch the money as far as it will go, but they are mere electronic billboards. They do not edify and they often degrade. For example, a TV spot was prepared by the Democrats during the 1964 campaign which showed a fetching little girl plucking flowers. Suddenly the bucolic scene was obliterated by an atomic bomb blast. This could happen to your young if Goldwater were elected and allowed to escalate the Vietnamese War and use nuclear weapons. Complex issues cannot be thus reduced to brief slogans or simple themes. The listening or viewing voter is a captive of a spot, which is over before he can reach the set. Free time should not include them.

It has also been suggested that candidates be forbidden to buy any air time. But if such legislation were to have meaning, expenditure would have to be limited also in other media—newspapers, magazines, billboards, direct mailing, taped telephone messages, public opinion polls, etc. Today's laws on campaign finance are a mockery; they're not realistic therefore they're evaded or avoided. So-called equality of the air waves now deprives the electorate of essential information. The fight for the voter's choice should begin at the first inning—in the dialogue over the nominees. Charles Siepmann, professor emeritus of Communications in Education at New York University and now on New York Channel 13 with his own program, said of the microphone and the voter: "We can't hope for heaven in this naughty world." But we can try.

HOW SUBURBIA VOTES

JOSEPH ZIKMUND II
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What kinds of people live in suburbia and how do they vote? The stereotyped answers to these questions are that they are white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, upper- or middle-class, college-educated people who came to the suburbs from the central city. The husband commutes daily into the city to reach his managerial or professional job. The family has two cars and, perhaps, a boat. Politically, it is alleged, suburbanites call themselves independents, but they think and vote straight Republican.

This bland indictment is true enough to be accepted by those satisfied with superficial images and first impressions. However, it is false in many ways or has been outdated by developments of the 1960s. The suburban phenomenon was always more complex than the stereotype implied; in recent years it has become a society as complex and diverse as the general urban society upon which it culturally and economically depends.

Almost every kind of person lives in suburbia. Most suburbanites are white, but Negro families and even some Negro communities are to be found in many metropolitan areas—Mount Pleasant on the Philadelphia Main Line; Rankin outside of Pittsburgh; River Rouge, Royal Oak Township and Inkster around the periphery of Detroit, and Robbins southwest of Chicago are examples. At one recent civic gathering of Philadelphia suburbanites the only native-born Main Liner was a Negro woman whose family had come north after the Civil War. Similar diversity exists with respect to ethnic groups, education levels, religious affiliations and occupational classifications. One recent study of six major metropolitan areas disclosed that in 1960 *less than half* of the adults in 270 suburbs had any college education, *less than half* of the jobs held by suburban breadwinners fell in the managerial or professional categories, and *less than half* of these workers commuted to jobs in the central city. Although Protestants are probably still the largest religious group in suburbia, they too make up less than half of the population. Jewish suburbs, like Negro suburbs, are not uncommon (Upper Merion Township west of Philadelphia, Oak Park and Huntington Woods north of Detroit, Skokie north of Chicago, and Great Neck on Long Island, for example). Suburban residents vary from one metropolitan area to another, from suburb to suburb in the same metropolitan area, and quite literally, from block to block within the same suburb.

How did this social mixture come to the suburbs? Clearly, these regions have always been more diversified than was commonly thought, but that does not really answer the question. No matter what social patterns prevailed before, the tremendous postwar suburban explosion would have overrun any previous diversity or homogeneity. Most suburbs underwent extremely large population increases after 1945. Some, of course, were still farm land when the suburban migration of the fifties began. In addition, most suburbs experienced a good deal of turnover—families were moved to the metropolitan area by a national corporation and then moved some place else in a year or two. Authorities at one time believed that suburban population change followed one readily predictable course: prospering and ambitious lower-middle-class families move from the central cities to the inner ring of suburban communities; then, having acquired still more financial resources and hungering for even greater social prestige, such families move from the inner ring of suburbs to more distant areas—to the suburban fringe.

It is now evident that this impression, like other parts of the suburban stereotype, is only partially correct. Migration designs from 1955 to 1960, for example, show

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four distinct patterns, rather than just one. In addition to the city-to-suburb movement, there are some areas (Boston, Pittsburgh) where the suburban population has long outnumbered that of the central city and migration was almost entirely from one suburb to another. In smaller, yet established areas (Indianapolis, Minneapolis-St. Paul) the movement was about equally from the city, from other suburbs and from places beyond the metropolitan area. Finally, in areas where both the cities and the suburbs grew substantially (Atlanta, Houston, Los Angeles, Seattle), almost all the movement into the suburbs came from places outside the metropolitan area. Thus, at least some social diversity was injected into the suburban explosion by the variety of migration patterns in the 1950s and early 1960s.

Despite this complexity of population movement, the social composition of most individual suburban communities has remained very nearly constant since the end of World War II. This suggests that suburban communities develop, and at times consciously foster, their own social images, thus attracting new home owners similar to the people already living there. Property values and realtors' business practices also help to maintain stable social patterns. Richer people with executive jobs and higher social standing move into costlier, more reputable suburbs such as Villanova, Lake Forest and Grosse Pointe; at the same time families with more modest incomes and less social rank or social concern concentrate in equally "suburban" but less prestigious places like Levittown, Pa., Des Plaines, Ill., or Glenwillow, Ohio. Thus, the initial diversity in suburbia at the end of World War II was perpetuated, in individual suburbs, because complex migrations brought many different kinds of people to suburbia and settled them in suburbs composed of people very much like themselves.

Suburbs are as mixed politically as they are socially, and this too goes back at least twenty years. One recent study of four major metropolitan areas found that roughly 20 per cent of 198 suburbs investigated voted Democratic in 1948. This dropped to 15 per cent and 8 per cent in 1952 and 1956. However, more than 40 per cent of these same communities supported Kennedy in 1960, and in 1964 President Johnson won more than 75 per cent of these suburbs! More than two-thirds of the communities voted for Eisenhower in 1956 and also for Johnson in 1964. No matter what the stereotype may say, there are Democratic suburbs.

For the most part, the people who have migrated to suburbia in the last twenty years have kept the political habits or inclinations they brought with them. Many were Republicans; some were Democrats. The once popular theory that all new suburbanites are Democrats who then "convert" to the GOP after reaching the "clean fresh air" of suburbia cannot be substantiated. Most of the Democrats who came to suburbia during the fifties moved into already Democratic suburbs; they felt no social push to vote Republican. The result of the tremendous influx of people into the several varieties of suburbs, therefore, has been to make Democratic suburbs still more Democratic and to make Republican suburbs—if any change occurred —slightly less Republican. Today, the balance between Republican "identifiers" and Democratic "identifiers" is much closer than is often suspected. One recent study suggests that Democrats may constitute as high as 40 per cent of the total suburban citizenry.

However, it is hard to say whether any long-term party changes have taken place in suburban voting since World War II. In these communities 1948 was a particularly good year for Republicans, despite the fact that the Democrats won the Presidency; therefore, any comparison between the 1948 results and more recent Presidential elections will be somewhat askew. In addition, we lack any good *nation-wide* studies of suburban voting. The study from which the following conclusions are drawn included 270 separate suburbs in six Eastern and Midwestern metropolitan areas. Thus, it is possible that the findings may not reflect the patterns in other metropolitan areas. If this were true, it would merely point up the inter-metropolitan differences noted above.

In 1948, President Truman's plain, "common-man" style did not appeal to the better-educated, sophisticated suburban voter. Dewey did not evoke much enthusiasm either, but at least he was from the metropolitan East Coast and from the moderate wing of the Republican Party. Yet even in 1948 there were Democratic suburbs, ones that had been Democratic during the Roosevelt years and would continue so through the Eisenhower years and on into the sixties.

General Eisenhower, the national military hero who stood above partisan politics, was elected in 1952 on his public image rather than because he happened to run as a Republican. While issues such as the Korean War were important, the crucial factor in the election was Eisenhower himself. The Democrats lost heavily in the national popular vote (dropping from 49.5 to 44.4 per cent), and many Democratic Party leaders blamed the suburbs. However, this accusation seems unjustified, for in a number of metropolitan areas the central cities contributed heavily to the Eisenhower victory.

Many observers attributed the result to an increase in suburban Republicanism because, for the first time since the New Deal, suburban pluralities for the Republicans were greater than central-city pluralities for the Democrats. If you did not look closely at the returns, it was easy to assume that the increased Republican pluralities in suburbia had raised the Republican percentage of the total vote. However, many suburbs did not move in a pro-Republican direction to any great extent from 1948 to 1952. Overlooked were the increase in the number of suburban voters and the general decrease in urban Democratic pluralities in 1952.

The Cleveland metropolitan area was typical. In 1948 the Cleveland suburbs voted 37.6 per cent Democratic and produced a Republican plurality of 54,000 votes. The city of Cleveland went Democratic by 64.4 per cent and produced a Democratic plurality of 87,000 votes. Thus, the entire metropolitan area went Democratic by a 33,000 plurality. In 1952 the Cleveland suburbs were 35.9 per cent Democratic (down only 1.7 percentage points), while the city of Cleveland was 59.9 per cent Democratic (down 4.5 percentage points from 1948). The urban and subur-

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ban pluralities in 1952 were 72,000 votes for the Democrats and 79,000 votes for the Republicans, respectively. The overall result was a 7,000-vote metropolitan plurality for the Republicans. Thus, the impression of a major pro-Republican shift among suburban voters was conveyed because the Republican plurality from the suburbs increased by 25,000 votes at the same time that the Democratic plurality from the central city decreased by 15,000 votes. Virtually all of the change in the suburban plurality, however, is attributable to the increase in the total number of suburban voters, not to the slight decrease in the Democratic portion of the suburban vote.

The 1956 Presidential election confirmed and reaffirmed the voters' loyalty to President Eisenhower. Both central cities and suburbs moved even further toward the GOP; however, this shift was considerably greater in central cities than in the suburbs. Although 1956 produced a postwar low in suburban support for the Democrats, a number of individual suburban communities—generally those that had gone heaviest for Dewey in 1948—actually voted more Democratic (usually from 1 to 5 percentage points) than they had in the first Eisenhower victory. In sum, while Eisenhower had great appeal across the nation and in suburbs generally, those suburbs with the longest and strongest tradition of Republican voting seemed to be the least attracted by his Presidency and his second-term candidacy.

Kennedy's Roman Catholicism made little or no difference. In 1960 the suburbs, like the nation, shifted strongly Democratic. The lower- and lower-middle-class suburbs—and those suburbs which had voted Democratic in 1948 and before—led the way. This may reflect Catholic concentrations in lower-middle-class suburbs, or it may indicate nothing more than a return of the lower-middle-class voter to the Democratic fold after eight years of supporting President Eisenhower. In any case Kennedy did better in the suburbs than any Democrat since FDR.

President Johnson's landslide victory in 1964 did not produce the sharp black-or-white choice between ideologies and policies that Senator Goldwater had sought. Many voters felt themselves forced to choose between less than perfect alternatives. Cities, suburbs and rural areas all moved heavily Democratic, but for the first time in recent Presidential elections suburban shifts were generally greater than those of the central cities. In addition, those suburbs at the higher end of the social-economic scale had greater pro-Democratic shifts than did the more modest communities. There are two possible explanations.

First, this might reflect a hidden "white backlash" against the party most concerned with the Negro and civil rights, since the reaction is sharpest among whites economically and socially closest to vertically mobile Negroes. Second, the radical Right in this country usually has its greatest following in the working class and in the lower-middle class. If Goldwater appealed more strongly to traditional sympathizers of the radical Right than to Republicans generally, suburbs with working-class residents might be expected to resist the nation-wide swing to President Johnson.

The patterns in suburbs since the end of the Second World War do seem to indicate that most suburban areas have become more Democratic. This conclusion must be tentative, however, because 1948 was a strong Republican year in most suburbs and 1964 was a strong Democratic year.

Anyone attempting to forecast suburban voting behavior next November must keep a number of considerations in mind. First, Richard Nixon did not run well in the suburbs in 1960 (he won in only 60 per cent of the 198 places studied) when he faced a dynamic, glamorous opponent and when he represented, and to some extent defended, the old, incumbent Eisenhower administration. It remains to be seen whether he can succeed better against either of the Democratic alternatives. Second, the Republicans who have fared best in suburbia were Eastern moderates such as Dewey and Eisenhower. Third, radical-Right candidates are not likely to succeed in the suburbs, despite the economic conservatism of many suburban Republicans. Goldwater was considerably more to the suburban taste as an honest, forthright, moral, sincere man than Reagan or Wallace will ever be, and Goldwater was overwhelmed in the suburbs. Assuming that the election will not produce a landslide victory for the Democrats, it is quite likely that a majority of the suburbs will return to the Republican column in 1968. However, the extent to which suburbs move to the GOP will depend in large measure on which candidate they nominate, what position the party takes on crucial issues, and what the Democrats do in response. Of the three Republican candidates Reagan's chances are probably the weakest because the most extreme right wingers will bolt to Wallace no matter whom the Republicans nominate. Nixon's chances and those of Governor Rockefeller are harder to predict. Rockefeller is more likely to cut into traditional Democratic support; however, he is also more likely to drive conservative Republicans into the Wallace camp or into nonvoting.

Among the Democrats, Humphrey is probably the frontrunning national candidate. Unfortunately, his glamor is tarnished by age and his liberalism by the Vietnamese War. Humphrey's performance in the suburbs would probably parallel that of Stevenson in 1952. Kennedy's magnetic name and personality would have made the liveliest campaign, but that same personality would have polarized the electorate (even more sharply than Nixon) and alienated the large number of intensely anti-Kennedy Democrats. Senator McCarthy's quixotic crusade has great appeal and a long way to go. If nominated, he would face a severe campaign challenge. Yet, of the two frontrunning Democrats McCarthy has the greater chance to carry the suburbs. McCarthy has a decency and righteousness which appeal to the politically "independent" suburban voter.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Unamuno: A Sense of Isolation

OUR LORD DON QUIXOTE: The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho, with Related Essays. *By Miguel de Unamuno. Translated by Anthony Kerrigan. Princeton University Press. 553 pp. $6.50.*

ALLEN LACY

Mr. Lacy teaches at Michigan State University, but will soon become a member of the faculty at Kirkland College. He is the author of Miguel de Unamuno: The Rhetoric of Existence (*Mouton & Co., The Hague*).

"No one," Miguel de Unamuno (1864-1936) often said, "will ever classify me. I am *especie unica*." And clearly, his place in recent European intellectual history is important, but difficult to specify. The difficulty starts with the sheer immensity and variety of his authorship, much of which has remained untranslated into English. His *Obras completas*—which are far from being truly complete, both because they leave out a good many of his writings and because in one instance at least (*Cómo se hace una novela*) the hand of the Spanish censor is evident—run to some fourteen volumes of more than 1,000 pages each, containing novels, short stories, plays, reviews, memoirs, poems and essays, both literary and philosophical. And no one of these forms seems to be primary. Unamuno was neither a philosopher who also wrote novels, like Jean-Paul Sartre, nor a novelist who also wrote philosophical essays, like Albert Camus, and it is thus perplexing to decide by what standards he should primarily be judged.

As a novelist, Unamuno was often ahead of his time, especially in his denial of the usual boundaries between life and art. Well before Pirandello, he explored the possibilities of the autonomous character: in *Niebla*, Augusto Pérez appears in the author's study to insist that he has greater reality than Unamuno himself. As Julián Marías has pointed out, Unamuno was writing "existential" novels as early as *Paz en la guerra* (1897), long before Simone de Beauvoir or Sartre. And much of his fiction is very fresh even in the 1960s, especially for its improvisatory technique. His sense of the novel as a vehicle of serious play, as a comic metaphysic, has strong affinities to the best work of Jorge Luis Borges and John Barth; and *Amor y pedagogía* (1902) is an astounding forerunner of black comedy.

Certainly, his major themes (passion and choice, the opacity and contingency of human existence, anguish and finitude, dread and hope, doubt and faith), and his deep distrust of systematic philosophy, his fondness for paradox, all place him at least within the vestibule of existentialism. But one of the reasons Unamuno is so hard to label philosophically—and so interesting—is that he is not only a proto-existentialist but also a kind of independent forerunner of British and American linguistic analysis. If Unamuno is a Spanish Kierkegaard, he is also a Spanish Wittgenstein, for whom a proper philosophical method generally involves scrutiny of language: Unamuno's "man of flesh and bone" is always *hombre hablante*, and the misuse of language often creates genuine human mischief, as well as interesting philosophical puzzles.

As philosopher, Unamuno stands alone: there is the same solitude at the center of his work that one finds in Kierkegaard or Nietzsche. He has no ancestors and no real descendants. Raised in the third-rate scholasticism of Zeferino Gonzáles and Jaime Balmes, he rejected what he called their "bloodless offal of orthodoxy" during his freshman year at Madrid. For over a decade afterward, he claimed to be a positivist, reading Comte avidly and even translating for publication several essays by Herbert Spencer. His positivism, however, did not survive his devastating religious crisis of 1897, a crisis which left him unable either to return to the Roman Catholic faith of his youth or to remain content with the philosophical categories at his disposal. Increasingly, Unamuno complained of his sense of isolation: he saw Spain dominated by dogmatism and ideocracy to the point that a man could not speak the deepest issues of his existence without being misunderstood:

> It is a hard fact that wherever one goes in Spain, giving vent to heartfelt truths, they tell you that they do not understand, or else they understand the opposite. The root of the trouble lies in the fact that people go to hear . . . something specific which they have already heard, and not to listen to what is being said.

So wrote Unamuno in 1905 in *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho*, and much of his philosophical labor was the attempt to overcome the dogmatism of his society, to define communication itself as a prime philosophical problem.

As a result of his growing feeling of isolation in Spain and suspecting that he would not in his lifetime make himself understood to his fellow countrymen, Unamuno expressed as early as 1910 his longing to have his works translated into other languages, feeling that he would find his true audience outside his native land. Since 1921, when J. E. Crawford Flitch translated *Tragic Sense of Life*, the work by which Unamuno is chiefly known in the English-speaking world, there have been several translations of his work, sporadic and highly variable in quality. But only now, with the appearance of the first of the Bollingen Series translations of his selected works, is Unamuno genuinely accessible to the general reader in America. Under an editorial board consisting of Anthony Kerrigan, the late Federico de Onís, Martin Nozick, and Sir Herbert Read, the Bollingen Foundation has just published *Our Lord Don Quixote*, containing Kerrigan's translation of *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho* and sixteen other essays on the Quixote theme, a theme central to Unamuno's work. *Our Lord Don Quixote* is splendid in every respect—handsomely printed and bound, with an exemplary introduction by Walter Starkie and very full notes of great help to the scholarly reader. Anthony Kerrigan's translation is clean, forceful and direct. Much of the material is translated for the first time, but where this is not the case, Kerrigan's is preferable to any previous efforts: his translation of *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho*, for example, far surpasses in clarity the H.P. Earle translation published in 1929, now out of print.

Were he alive today, Unamuno would assuredly be delighted with the whole Bollingen venture. He was an interested student of American literature and philosophy, and the notion of a nine-volume American edition of his writings would have pleased him immensely. He would be especially pleased, I believe, that Kerrigan and his fellow editors chose *The Life of Don Quixote* as the first translation to appear in their series. Above all his other writings, his commentary on *Don Quixote* best reveals the essential contemporaneity of his work. Armando Zubizarreta has described Unamuno as "the first contemporary man," and his judgment is apt: Unamuno's individual experience is in

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some measure the experience of us all. His life was situated in a national history of prophetic modernity, a history marked by military uprisings and dictatorship, civil war, political assassination, riots in cities and on university campuses, and the final loss of empire: Unamuno's first fame came as spokesman for the "Generation of '98," the group of Spanish writers who attempted to assess the future of Spain following its defeat by the United States, a defeat bitter in its domestic consequences, but only the last stage of declining Spanish prestige as it lost one by one its American possessions in the 19th century. And Unamuno's own intimate history was one of strife and turmoil. He came to consciousness during the bombardment of his native Bilbao during the Second Carlist War. In 1914, he was deposed, for political reasons, from the rectorship of the University of Salamanca. Under Primo de Rivera, he spent six years in exile. His last public act was a denunciation of Franco, a gesture which resulted in his being placed under house arrest until his death —under somewhat cloudy circumstances —the last day of 1936.

How, one may ask, is it possible to do philosophy at all, in such a history? When the nation is a caldron of unrest, when men are engaged in bitter dispute with one another, when there is no public trust, what should the man of intellect do? Unamuno's answer is worked out in *The Life of Don Quixote*: avoiding every form of dogmatism, one must become a man of passionate conflict, recognizing that an imposed peace, in the name of public order only, is a prison for the human spirit. If "we seek a society so policed that no one can harm his neighbor," we will have in the end "a situation where no one acts badly, but where no one feels right." Peace must be sought in the midst of war: men must be united in a common civil war, a war against arrogance and the lie, especially that most convenient of all lies, the lie that men would be placid and cheerfully united, were it not for a few troublemakers.

Here, Unamuno's whole understanding of human existence is involved. Each of us is a vital self, striving to know, to create meaning and order, to give shape to the future, to love, to perpetuate himself, ultimately to "personalize the Universe," to give his own personal meaning to reality itself. Nothing is given in advance except the struggle itself—and the outcome of the struggle is inescapably tragic. To be human, we must try to carry out our projects, but our projects are doomed. To love is to suffer. Our desire and our will are infinite, as is the universe: but we are mortal and finite. The tragic truth with which we each must wrestle, as Isaac wrestled with his God, is the truth of what Rabbi Richard L. Rubenstein has called our "Holy Nothingness."

But men very often cannot accept tragedy. We cannot bear our humanity, our holy nothingness. We cannot tell the truth, and so we invent the lie. We say that the meaning of life is already given, and the answers are known in advance. The god we worship is the God Smug, the embodiment of consensus. We find human enemies, and we build human solidarity upon the existence of human opponents whom we can safely hate. The philosopher, however, offers us a chance to see and to bear manfully our human condition, by speaking to us as one man of flesh and bone to another, by speaking as a poet of the life of passionate desire and perpetual conflict. Or, as Unamuno says in *The Life of Don Quixote*:

> Reader, listen: though I do not know you, I love you so much that if I could hold you in my hands, I would open up your breast and in your heart's core, I would make a wound and into it I would rub vinegar and salt, so that you might never again know peace, but would live in continual anguish and endless longing. If I have not succeeded in disquieting you with this Quixote of mine, it is because of my heavy-handedness, believe me, and because this dead paper on which I write neither shrieks, nor cries out, nor sighs, nor laments, and because language was not made for you and me to understand each other.

This Year at Marienbad

JOY: Expanding Human Awareness. *By William C. Schutz. Grove Press. 223 pp. $5.50.*

ROBERT CLAIBORNE
Mr. Claiborne is a writer and editor.

You can diagnose a sick society by its placebos. The spa was invented for the aristocracy and *haute bourgeoisie* of the latter 19th century, whose surfeit of *Sachertorte* and *Goldwasser, chemin de fer* and sex, could be temporarily dissipated by a course of the waters at Vichy, Saratoga or Marienbad. The educated American middle class of the latter 20th century, however, is plagued with spiritual starvation. And to dull its hunger pangs we now have the neo-spa, devoted to "expanding human awareness" and "developing human potential."

Most fashionable of these Pepsi-generation Marienbads is Esalen Institute, at Big Sur, Calif., whose scenic acreage, once the site of an unsuccessful old-time spa, has been converted by the brilliant promoter Mike Murphy into a haven for the middle-to-upper-bracket deprived. The Pop-psych monthly *Psychology Today* recently ran Murphy's own report, or blurb, on Esalen, illustrated with a double fold-out of "the swinging, sensuous 'Garden of the Human Potential'" depicted in painted plasticene. The result looked less like a garden than an elaborate smörgasbord offering psychic goodies for every taste. Now William Schutz, a psychologist on the Esalen staff, has written a home cookbook for those of us who can't afford a gourmet trip to Henry Miller country.

The book is hard to read (Schutz lacks Murphy's PR gift of gab) and even harder to discuss intelligently. Esalen's approach to joy-making is eclectic; its techniques range from more or less orthodox Freudian free association to what *Psychology Today* called "group grope" (a phrase that vividly, if perhaps unconsciously, portrays the gang-bang-in-Macy's-window aura of some institute proceedings). Schutz describes every damn one of them—faithfully, flatly, and with no trace of critical judgment. He has equally loving feelings toward "encounter groups," the "somatopsychic" techniques of Rolf and Lowen, Maria Ebner's "connective tissue massage," Perl's *Gestalt* therapy, Moreno's psychodrama and, as the old song goes, lots more. None of them, he concedes, work all the time—and from the sketchy case histories provided it is impossible to decide whether any of them, as used at Esalen or in the privacy of one's own home, work any of the time.

For Schutz employs only the vaguest —and usually subjective—language to tell us what was wrong with his—patients? clients? subjects?—before "therapy" and what happened to them afterward. An individual acquired "that beautiful feeling of being at peace with myself and the rest of the world," or became "more receptive, physically and emotionally," or "feels more able to cope"—and that's about it.

From these encomiums it is clear that the Esalen treatment possesses the essential quality of any placebo: it can make (some) people feel better. But do people not merely feel better, temporarily, but also *live* better? Schutz gives no convincing evidence. And knowing man's proved capacity for responding positively to sugar pills and kindred therapies, I won-

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Four Poets on Martin Luther King

FOR MARTIN LUTHER KING

The blood will continue:
and words
falling
like dead animals
in the green pastures
of his Lord;
all around his secret
fear, the Book
he carried in his brain,
other men
dreamed
of corpses
dancing in a strobe-light
of History and skin.

He was not
romantic
enough: too slow
for running. Someone
could not
forgive him that.
He never
changed his name, or swore
return
to any other land . . .
reason enough
for some Hero of metal
to rip him down like a flag
unmasted

when it was rising
at last
to the sun he praised.

STANLEY COOPERMAN

AFTER THE KILLING OF MARTIN LUTHER KING

I listened to old music
all day
trying to console myself
— — the New Orleans jazzmen,
Big Bill Broonzy, Brownie
McGhee — things
like
The Southbound Train
My Bucket's Got
a Hole in It and Twelve
Gates to the City

music out of the chain gangs
music out of loneliness, desolation
music of the poor who would not
be humiliated

that shows you how to jump
the truck
out of history
and pick yourself up in the dust
—damn near whole.

LOU LIPSITZ

IN MEMORIAM: M.L.K.

Too clean to get charcoal
on my hands,
pausing between meals to think
of the hungry,
pinning a somber armband
around my sleeve,
I remember him
proud that he
(if only a little)
blackened
our country's name.

MICHAEL DAVIS

FOR CORETTA KING

We'd always swum out too far
to hear what he was shouting . . .

When we saw you standing
on the sand without him,

when we saw you raise and cup
your hands around your mouth,

when we heard your first cries
like pebbles rattling in our veins,

our legs and arms stopped.

Already fish have found us;
poke our pale and bloated bellies
as if we were crusts of bread.

DOUGLAS EICHHORN

der if there is any real evidence to give.

The suspicion that Schutz is dispensing sugar pills (unwittingly, of course) is strengthened by the observation that his dubious therapy is based on woefully inadequate diagnosis. People are unhappy, he says, because their birthright of joy "becomes depleted, distorted, contorted" by "guilt and fear," and because they "cannot express their feelings honestly" or "engage in honest interaction." This is equivalent to a doctor's saying that the patient is sick because he has a fever. As the *source* of suppressed feeling, of dishonesty, of guilt and fear, Schutz can only cite "our culture"—noting its numerous "words for hypocrisy [he means dishonesty] like tact, diplomacy, discretion."

The disease Schutz and Esalen are purporting to diagnose and treat is the well-known alienation-anomie-loss-of-identity syndrome, now endemic in the Western world. Its fundamental source is those social institutions which, because their activities are essentially anti-human, must for their own preservation control their victims through lies and fear. The victims must either oppose themselves to the institutions or swallow the lies, suppress outraged feelings, and internalize the fear—which thereupon becomes guilt.

This, not "our culture," is what ails the middle class—along with many other Americans. For them, the dishonesty of "tact, diplomacy and discretion" is a survival technique ("Man lives by his misdeeds alone," said Brecht). Express yourself honestly to a "difficult" boss and you find yourself on unemployment insurance. Engage in "honest interaction" with a cop and you find yourself in jail—or the hospital. The explanation of our shortage of joy parallels the punch line of the old Yiddish joke about the laughing hyena: "Schmuck, what have you got to laugh about?"

The point of all this is not that Schutz should have written a call to social revo-

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lution instead of a self-improvement manual. But his manual, by wrenching individual problems out of their oppressive institutional context, prevents his readers from confronting the problems squarely. Significantly, for example, his discussion of "control" as a problem area is cast in purely interpersonal terms. Yet in fact, what makes most of us feel controlled, rather than *in* control, is far less our peers than our institutional superiors in the bureaucracies of government, industry, education and labor.

Even more significant is his section on Organizational (i.e., institutional) Relations—which incidentally occupies only 27 out of some 220 pages. To apply the Esalen technique within an institution, he tells us, it is essential to have "the support of the top man." What happens when the top man (or men) won't play the Esalen game is recounted in one of the book's most unintentionally amusing incidents. Student leaders at "a large Western university" (Berkeley?) asked Schutz to set up a "leadership laboratory" to help them function more effectively and "to communicate better with the school administration. . . . The workshop was held and was very successful—with one reservation. The attendance of the student leaders was remarkable. . . . But of all the administrators invited, none appeared."

Schutz has clearly not learned much from this fiasco, else he could not write such nonsense as "our institutions, our organizations, the 'establishment'—even these we are learning to use for our own joy." I hope I live long enough to derive some joy from our telephone company, our draft boards and our tactical police force—not to speak of our CIA and Strategic Air Command.

To live joyfully, we must indeed learn to relate to our fellows in freedom and honesty. But to suppose we can do this without tangling with the institutions that deal daily in fear and dishonesty is to offer a cataplasm for a social cancer. The kingdom of God may well be within us—but to truly know it, we must also contend against the kingdom of Satan that surrounds us.

Total Recall

I AM MARY DUNNE. *By Brian Moore. The Viking Press. 217 pp. $4.95.*

RICHARD B. SALE

Mr. Sale is in the English Department at North Texas State University. He is at work on a study of Brian Moore's fiction for the Twayne World Authors Series.

If the unexamined life is not worth living, the examined life can be extremely dangerous. *I Am Mary Dunne*, Brian Moore's sixth novel, takes a woman's self-exploration as its theme. (A tentative working title, more descriptive but less dramatic, which Moore rejected, was *A Woman With No Identity*.) The central character, Mary Dunne, age 31, three times married, now (and permanently, likely) to an established playwright, tries to discover the many selves that she has been during her life. She is, in every practical sense, a successful woman, living comfortably in her New York apartment. Hers is not a calm, philosophical journey but an anguished searching of the past to find purpose in the present and some justification for whatever she now is. The events are contained in one day, although there are numerous cutbacks to each of her earlier "lives." She recalls her Canadian Catholic childhood, her previous two marriages (one an adolescent mistake, both to near-impotent men), her friendship with a latent Lesbian, her sexually satisfying present marriage.

Mary is without religious faith, but is permanently affected by its loss. She is forced to entertain two visitors from Canada, one a silly woman from Montreal whom she has outgrown but who serves to bring back much of the past. The other is an obnoxious acquaintance who has built his emotional life around an old infatuation with Mary. Ironically, she has almost entirely forgotten him. Telephone conversations with her mother also bring up bits of the past, including the story of her philandering father's scandalous death. These accumulated memories and experiences, many heavily sexual, bring Mary to the point of crisis.

I Am Mary Dunne displays Moore's ability to put a book together without seams, to present his story so that the candor of the telling hides all trace of the craft that produced it, as well as the amazing empathy that the author can establish with a central character who is a woman.

His earlier works have prepared the reader to expect these merits in a Moore novel. But this new book offers surprises. Moore is working in new country (for him), both technically and thematically: this is his first book written entirely in the first person. He has limited the action to a single day, and he has moved further into taboo areas (relatively speaking; Moore has never attempted to rival the happy pornographers of current fiction).

In Mary Dunne's survey of her past, mirrors and the Mass are constant images; Moore has used them liberally before. But with them menstruation takes its place as a recurring motif. Mary Dunne's personality is a complex of her sexuality and her rejected Catholic background. The accumulation of allusions to the Virgin—the distasteful drinking of Bloody Marys, the Saviour role Mary gives her author-husband, her being called "Maria" at some stages in her life, even her referring to herself once as the "un-Virgin Mary"—all stress a symbolic psychological and religious complexity. But in making this association while emphasizing the menstruation motif, Moore shocks the reader as no openly salacious writer can. "There are some things," says the hidden Mrs. Grundy in us all, "some combination of things, one just doesn't mention!" (The combining of the incongruous, mentioning the unmentionable is what makes the reading of *An Answer From Limbo* the terrifying experience it is.) Mary Dunne, reviewing her life and questioning her sanity, does mention them candidly and openly.

The style of *Mary Dunne* is at first puzzling and disappointing, for it suggests the slick women's magazines with their chic female protagonist's quest for fulfillment and happiness in the first-person point of view, and even in the precious nicknames of several of the male characters—Bat, Tee, Hat. Moore again makes the risky decision (as in all his novels) to explore that territory dangerously close to melodrama, a decision that has opened his works to the criticism of sentimentality. But it is Moore's conviction that the serious writer must skirt the melodramatic on his way to an honest resolution of events, that he must take chances; and if he fails, his work may lapse into melodrama. Moore has not failed yet; he has succeeded remarkably well in *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne, The Luck of Ginger Coffey* and *An Answer From Limbo*. For the final terrain which Moore reaches with his protagonist Mary Dunne is no country for the young women of the slick magazines.

The shock of the novel has its legitimate basis, I think, in this stylistic and thematic approach: what appears to be superficial and leading to easy answers moves instead into the horror void that underlies the daily activities of the "successful" American. The irony of the search for identity is that it may end successfully. The deception of the style only adds force to that revelation when it comes. Moore has shown before, in *An Answer From Limbo*, that his view of the abyss need not be limited to failures in Ireland; he has demonstrated again in *I Am Mary Dunne* that hell is here as well.

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Compassionate Fun

MY FATHER, SHOLOM ALEICHEM. *By Marie Waife-Goldberg. Simon & Schuster. 333 pp. $7.50.*

CURT LEVIANT

Mr. Leviant's new Sholom Aleichem collection, Some Laughter, Some Tears, *will be published by Putnam in August.*

Sholom Aleichem (1859-1916) was the nom de plume of Sholom Rabinowitz, one of the pillars of modern Yiddish literature, a spokesman for his people during his lifetime, and now that ashes and silence cover his world, still an enduring voice. In the half century since his death, his fame as a humorist has spread from Yiddish-speaking areas and from his native Russia—where his stories were successfully translated at the beginning of this century—to the rest of the world. Besides the many hardcover and paperback editions available in English, his works can now be found in all European languages, and even in Chinese and Japanese.

What is remarkable about Sholom Aleichem is that while creating his fictional kingdom, he was also shaping a literature. In his own writings and in his brief stint as publisher, during which he urged others to write, Sholom Aleichem raised the literary level of Yiddish, and successfully demonstrated that a rich, supple and nuance-laden language nearly 1,000 years old need not necessarily play second fiddle to the then favored Hebrew. When didactic Hebrew satire was in fashion with intellectuals, romantic Yiddish potboilers were considered women's fare, and crude, unsophisticated comedy was relegated to cheap pamphlets, Sholom Aleichem was the first to utilize humor as a serious literary mode in Yiddish. Employing the entire range of the Jewish folk treasure—lore, literature and language—he developed an inimitable personal style, and by his loving and gently ironic portrayal of a complete civilization, captured the essence of the East European Jewish soul.

In addition to the works of Sholom Aleichem in English, we are now fortunate in having *My Father, Sholom Aleichem,* a memoir-biography by his youngest daughter, Mrs. Marie Waife-Goldberg. Utilizing her father's unfinished autobiography, published and unpublished letters, pertinent quotations from his stories, and her personal memories, Mrs. Goldberg has re-created Sholom Aleichem in all his depth, humor and compassion. She wisely avoids the pitfalls of kinsman-memoirists whose egos usually thrust them to upstage their subjects, but remains discreetly in the background. Quite properly, the hero of her book is Sholom Aleichem.

Sholom Aleichem displayed a gift for writing and humor even as a boy. He composed a little dictionary of his stepmother's lively invective, and wrote a Jewish version of *Robinson Crusoe.* But the spark that lit his desire to be a humorist—the Proustian biscuit in the cup of tea—is traced to the Yiddish story book that his father read to his friends. Sholom Aleichem later confessed in his autobiography that he envied the author who was able to make people roar with laughter, and wished he could "write a book like that, a little book that people would read and laugh at . . . ."

Unlike that of other literary figures, Sholom Aleichem's public and private life were one. The unpretentious humorist preferred family to literary life, though he built no partition between himself and his public. One unobtrusive fact points up his family-centered existence. The only nonrelative to whom he used the familiar (*du*) form of address was his writer-friend, Mordecai Spector—the man who at the outset of Sholom Aleichem's career urged him to turn his attention to the then neglected Jewish provincial life.

Readers of Sholom Aleichem who know little about the author will find that the portrait emerging from the memoir may very well fit preconceptions based upon the fiction. For the empathy of the people of Kasrilevke (Sholom Aleichem's mythical Jewish Everytown), their optimism, love of life and abhorrence of violence are shared by Sholom Aleichem himself.

No wonder, then, that he was the most popular Yiddish writer of his time. (The romantic notion of the posthumously discovered genius did not apply to him; though financial rewards came only after his death.) The love showered upon him by a grateful Jewry has no contemporary analogy—for a comparison we must turn to the Pop scene: Sholom Aleichem was adored as movie stars and sports heroes are today. Yet this simile, too, is tricky, since superstars are admired from afar. No intimacy, warmth or personal contact binds fan and idol, who indeed often wears a mask for his public.

Sholom Aleichem wore no mask. Rather than seeking to escape from his people, he sought them out. Wherever he lived he would place ads in the local papers stating his address so that visitors could come to see him. On his reading tours—like Mark Twain and Dickens, Sholom Aleichem had a gift for mimicry, an excellent sense of timing, and was a superb reader of his works—thousands of Jews of varying piety and political persuasions, turned out to greet him, for they considered him their own, their official biographer.

> His arrival in a town for a reading was an occasion of great excitement. A multitude of enthusiasts would come out to welcome him at the railway station. A large crowd would mill around his hotel, waiting to follow him to the lecture hall, and would press around him on his way back. This created two problems: one was that the police saw in any gathering of people a sinister political rally; the other was the physical difficulty of getting him to and from the hall in safety. Mostly the youth of the town—the college students and older high-school boys—saved the day, by forming a human chain around him to keep off the crowd, and cutting a path through the surging mass of fans. . . . After such a triumphant tour my father returned home tired . . . and also sad and depressed. He took the admiration of his audiences modestly—it was their plight that affected him.

Aside from glory and success, Mrs. Goldberg also focuses sharply on the sadder aspects of Sholom Aleichem's life. On the night when communities all over the world were celebrating Sholom Aleichem's 25th literary anniversary (October 25, 1908), the writer, removed from his beloved Jews of Russia, and recovering slowly in Italy from an attack of pulmonary tuberculosis, wrote to his friend, Spector: "You must feel, yourself, what is in my heart. At this time, when . . . Jews rejoice in my jubilee, I am here, lonely, sick, rootless, forlorn, crying bitter tears."

Despite his world-wide popularity, Sholom Aleichem was, ironically, subjected to an unending struggle to earn a living. While unscrupulous book publishers made fortunes via pirated editions and other financial manipulations, Sholom Aleichem himself often had to rely on loans to make ends meet. Concomitantly, especially in his later years, there was homelessness (Russia to Europe to America), illness, separation from his beloved Republic—his pet name for his family—and the loss of his son, who also suffered from tuberculosis.

Mrs. Goldberg's memoir is rich and variegated, spiced with humor and understanding. One incident that she records is paradigmatic of Sholom Aleichem's status as folk and culture hero. While on tour in Warsaw a young Hasidic Jew, with beard and earlocks, shyly approached Sholom Aleichem, took his hand and kissed it. "You are our consolation," he said with tears in his eyes. "You have sweetened for us the bitterness of exile." *My Father, Sholom Aleichem* shows that the love, the strength, that Sholom Aleichem gave to Jewry, Jewry returned tenfold. What writer, what person could ask for more?

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An Uneasy Alliance

WRITERS AND PARTISANS: A History of Literary Radicalism in America. *By James Burkhart Gilbert. John Wiley & Sons. 303 pp. $6.95.*

WORLD WAR I AND THE AMERICAN NOVEL. *By Stanley Cooperman. The Johns Hopkins Press. 273 pp. $6.50.*

THE LAST GREAT CAUSE: The Intellectuals and the Spanish Civil War. *By Stanley Weintraub. Weybright and Talley. 340 pp. $8.50.*

H. R. WOLF
Mr. Wolf teaches at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He has contributed articles to The Psychoanalytic Review *and* American Imago.

These three books share a sense of the fifties, a sense of the end of ideology, the end of historical process. For this, they suffer in different ways and should warn against the closing off of eras and epochs.

In what is obviously a last-minute insertion, James Gilbert says in a footnote at the end of *Writers and Partisans*:

> The relationship of the Central Intelligence Agency to individuals who wrote for the *Partisan Review* and the sponsorship of the magazine after 1959 by the American Committee for Cultural Freedom raise the possibility that everything I have said in this book is misleading or irrelevant. It might suggest the complicity (as yet undisclosed) of the magazine itself in the thought control exercized by America's supersecret and best publicized spy agency. Concrete evidence of anything of this sort has not appeared.

This courageous admission on Gilbert's part—"the possibility that everything I have said in this book is misleading or irrelevant"—is nothing less than a tragedy of scholarship though it bears the imprint of the author's integrity, the kind of integrity that marks his careful and impartial history of literary radicalism in America as it unfolds in the "little" magazine over the course of the century. It remains for Professor Gilbert, or those who will follow his exhaustive bibliographic research, to write the re-evaluation of the material he has so arduously culled and simultaneously undermined. Professor Gilbert's self-imposed skepticism reaches *beyond* his book to the problem of the American writer and intellectual during the cold-war period—to the intellectual and governmental coalition, even collusion, of the postwar period—and affects the focus of his work in a way that he does not recognize: because he chooses to write *through* the editors and contributors to the magazines—*Seven Arts, New Masses, The Soil, Anvil* and, above all, *Partisan Review,* to name a few; because he chooses to record the shifting attitudes of writers and intellectuals toward political radicalism and radical art (the uneasy alliance that is his theme), he does not put himself *outside* the material and its immediate historical context. In a word, Professor Gilbert has written a history *of* the little magazines: a metahistory, taking literature "about" history as his controlling subject. Had he applied himself to the texts as symptoms rather than emblems, he might, among other issues, have addressed himself to the disastrous implications of the Left's anti-Stalinism and contribution to what now seems to be a myth of monolithic world communism. Then the revelation of the CIA issue would have been less devastating. Notwithstanding the awful truths of the Stalinist era, Professor Gilbert might have shown the far-reaching implications (Vietnam, among them) of an entrenched anti-Stalinism that persists even now among segments of the liberal Left.

The history of the Left's implication in what it now so passionately and justly despises needs still to be written. There are other books that Gilbert didn't write in the tightly organized one that he did. Although he well documents the catholic tastes of pre-World War I socialism, the post-Victorian humanism that opened the way to a union of new art and radical politics, one wants to know the sources in American culture of the experimental aesthetic predilections of the American radical—seen now in the psychedelic, surface-oriented taste of the New Left. Although he traces the hobo and tramp as hero within the I.W.W. and the Socialist movement he does not pursue the anarchic element in earlier American life. The fragile marriage between Bohemianism and socialism in the twenties is charted —touching on the point of revolution, both sexual and political—but the separating issues of Marxism and psychoanalysis are not examined, nor is there any discussion of the deep conflict between Trotsky and Lenin.

Gilbert follows the subtle shifts of the intellectual journalists—Rahv, Macdonald, Phillips—but he does not dig into the great ideological and aesthetic systems that engaged them. If one is in the "family" (to use Podhoretz's cannibalistic word), this book will be a welcome and thorough recollection. If one is not, it will fascinate, tease, and perhaps drive him into the theoretical currents that lie under the attitudes of the "little" magazine as it evolved from the days of the Wobblies to *Commentary* and *The Nation.*

Like Gilbert, Stanley Cooperman assumes a posture of historical closure toward his thoroughly documented history of *World War I and the American Novel.* Cooperman sees literature about the war after the First World War "as blunted by so many years of continuing violence." Both books have been shaped by the Second World War and the stasis of the cold-war years. As a new renaissance of art and politics charac-

LETTERS (*Continued from page 810*)

printer's error had been omitted inadvertently from the book. Fortunately, it has now been rescued, and it will be restored in the next printing.

James S. Allen, President and Editor
International Publishers

Newburyport, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: I have never questioned the "authenticity" of the content of DuBois' *Autobiography*. On the contrary, I said specifically, "These are the unretouched words of a 90-year-old man squaring himself with death." My offending paragraphs dealt precisely with the point that I felt International *themselves* were clouding the "authenticity" of the work by adding a signed "Editor's Preface" to a perfect and poetic soliloquy; thereby implying that the book needed much more than the usual anonymity of routine editorship. As far as the two versions of the book's beginning are concerned, it is surely the duty of any critic worth his salt to state his literary preference. Mine is that the shape of the book should have followed not only the manuscript in my possession but the shape of DuBois' life which began "by a golden river . . . five years after the Emancipation Proclamation." It is obtuse to accuse me of anti-communism and an unwillingness to "confront" the fact that DuBois became a Communist, since I stated in the final paragraph of my review: "At the end he felt that only a Communist revolution could contain him and use him as the embodiment of black millions fighting to be free."

Truman Nelson

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terizes the New Left, so outrage, of a primal quality, lies at the heart of the anti-Vietnamese War movement. This rebirth of indignation at the horrors of modern technological warfare qualifies but does not negate the "bold journey" and the "broken world" that Cooperman reconstructs, nor the response of post-World War I writers:

> Among these fragments, however, there were possibilities for survival either through mastering the "buzz-saw" or being absorbed within it. And, finally, there was the possibility of achieving a different sort of survival: an assertion of positive values within negation itself.

Cooperman intelligently applies these three possibilities, with variations, to well- and lesser-known writers—a valuable catalogue for students of this period. He is especially intelligent about Hemingway and the relationship of inhibition and style. Cooperman is best at social history and in the first section, "The Bold Journey," he establishes a context that makes the anti-rhetorical posture of the postwar writers clear and meaningful. Cooperman missed a chance here to relate the object level of much contemporary art—the texture of projective verse, the retinal films of the underground, the surfaces of Frank Stella—to a subtle kind of humanism: a non-abstraction that rejects the failure of abstraction in this century, even at the costly price of omitting the image of man in direct forms.

All students of American literature will want to read this book, though they will not find in it an explanation of the curious passive-aggressiveness of our culture, of the violence that lies curled in the thicket of public rhetoric, or a reflection of the new literature that is probing the origins and nature of aggression.

Stanley Weintraub's *The Last Great Cause* (has he heard of the black revolution, the agony of the Third World?) is a you-were-there approach to the Spanish Civil War, but not nearly so effective as the cinematic elegy, *To Die in Madrid*. In essence, the book is a latent biography. Weintraub finds clues to the work in the experiences of the Civil War: Rubashov of *Darkness at Noon* is Koestler in the Seville prison; *The Fifth Column* takes off from Hemingway's days at the Hotel Florida in Madrid; a Berkeley (where else?) economics instructor, Robert Merriman, is the model of Robert Jordan. But one wants a work of this kind to go beyond the "readable"; one wants to know the convolutions of Moscow's attitudes and actions toward the anarchists, to know the deepest motivations of the American and British "neutrality" while Hitler and Mussolini played with death, to be given some hint of the unrest in contemporary Spain. Will the Spanish Civil War, in the last analysis, have contributed to Spain's progress? Cooperman or Gilbert would have unearthed this and much more.

The Image Monopolists

THE FIRST FREEDOM. *By Bryce W. Rucker. Southern Illinois University Press. 322 pp. $12.50.*

HERBERT I. SCHILLER
Mr. Schiller is research professor of economics and communications at the University of Illinois.

The original version of *The First Freedom* appeared in 1946, and was dedicated by its author, Morris Ernst, "To the Members of the Congress of the United States on whom we must rely to restore free enterprise in movies, radio, and press." This misplaced trust aside, the book called attention, in documented detail, to widespread monopolistic developments in the American press, radio and motion picture industries. Still, Ernst was not without hope. "I am convinced," he wrote then, that "it is not too late to stem the tide. But we must act fast and with bravery."

More than two decades later, Bryce Rucker, with Ernst's approval, has published under the same title an updated inventory of the organizational state of American mass communications. Expectations for remedial change, along with confidence in the essential health of the media, are barely visible this second time around. In an introduction to the modernized work, Ernst observes dejectedly: "The most frightening part of Professor Rucker's exploration may well be seen in the simple and dirty fact that the abandonment of the idea of competition of ideas can scarcely be debated in our culture today. It will be of interest to note," Ernst adds, "whether the Rucker facts and thesis are even given public attention in the mass media." He concludes it would be a miracle to expect such an event.

Is this despair justified? In 1946, Ernst had recommended, among other measures, that joint communications ventures be prohibited; that newspapers be divested of the ownership of radio stations; that radio stations be pried loose from broadcasting networks; that N.B.C. be liberated from RCA; that the chain ownership of radio stations, newspapers and theatres be disallowed; and that FCC control be imposed over the speculative sale of radio stations.

The latest evidence, painstakingly and impressively accumulated by Rucker, demonstrates that the trends uncovered by Ernst have become dominant and seemingly institutionalized national patterns. In a word, the movement to monopolization in the mass media has accelerated. Chains reach across the land. In 1967, newspaper combines "owned 871 of the 1,767 daily newspapers . . . or 49.3 percent of the total." Chains owned the five largest general circulation dailies, and nineteen of the top twenty-five. Chains owned 31.4 per cent of the commercial AM and a similar percentage of FM radio stations. Television, just appearing when Ernst made his pioneer study, but now the most influential of all the mass media, Rucker finds "virtually taken over by enterprising chain broadcasters," who now control 73.6 per cent of all commercial stations.

The process of concentrated control extends in all directions. Newspapers own huge numbers of television stations. In 1967, publishers "held interests in a third of the VHF stations (156) and in

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22 percent of the UHF stations (28)." Beyond this, "newspaper-television monopolies existed in 27 American cities" and varying degrees of joint media control prevail in scores of other communities. Last year, on the newspaper front alone, there were competing dailies in only sixty-four of America's 1,547 daily newspaper cities. In several states, no competing papers exist in any localities.

In television, chain ownership is but one facet of monopoly control. Three networks (A.B.C., N.B.C., C.B.S.) largely determine what Americans see on the tube, for "only about 13 percent of all broadcast time is devoted to local-live programming." In prime time (7 to 11 P.M.), networks provide 95 per cent of the material. In addition to programing control, the networks own the most profitable stations in the largest markets. In turn, the networks are either part of larger electronics-defense-communications combines (N.B.C. resides in the RCA-corporate-supershelter), or are utterly dependent on a few hundred giant advertisers for the bulk of their income. "The five largest advertisers in 1966 contributed 17.8 percent, the 35 top advertisers supplied 50.7 percent of television's total advertising income."

Bryce Rucker systematically examines the entire image-making apparatus (with the exception of motion pictures) and finds it interconnected at almost every vital point. Two international news services, AP and UPI, themselves the instruments of tightly held interests, provide the world view of most Americans, since these services, with few exceptions, are the main sources of international news for the nation's press and broadcasters.

The communications technostructures prefer to minimize their economic impulses and to emphasize a posture of public spiritedness, but profit seeking is their driving force. In a thirteen-year period, from 1954 to 1966, "4,369 broadcasting stations as well as 538 television stations, changed hands at a total cost of $1,536,014,367." This mountain of capital gains, incidentally, derives from the assignment of licenses, granted by the FCC to private broadcasters on a temporary basis, for the use of public property—the radio spectrum.

This should suggest that the mass media are more than the well-paid servants of commerce, though they are certainly that. In structure, operation and motivation, the business of communications is distinguishable from other corporate business only in its claim of special constitutional privilege. It utilizes technology to reinforce market position, and Rucker details any number of anti-competitive practices including price fixing, kickbacks and pools.

Favorite cold-war social science models, predicating pluralism, the end of ideology and the attenuation of profit maximizing are poor guides to the performance of the mass communications industries. What is more, the media's conditions do not reflect malfunctioning in vestigial economic activities. Monopoly, profit maximization and a public-be-damned stance are located in the most dynamic, modernized and "cleanest" industries. These constitute the central nervous system of the social order. They provide the national image of what is normal, what is orderly, what is preferable, and what is just. But these perspectives are the carefully tooled products of business structures heavily concentrated, self-serving, and as indifferent to the public interest as any 19th-century trust. Moreover, the doctored outputs of the American mass media are penetrating international markets and have created a monumental problem for those concerned with safeguarding national cultural sovereignties.

Is the present course reversible? Ernst, nearly a quarter of a century ago, appealed to Congress. Rucker, more realistically, notes that "Approximately twenty-five congressmen or members of their family own interests in radio and television properties. . . . Less well known, but even more serious, probably half of the senators and representatives through their law firms represent broadcasters . . . (and) what should we call the free radio and television time given to two-thirds of the members of Congress by their local stations?" Not surprisingly, Congress is quick to censure even the mildest efforts of that notorious paper tiger regulator, the FCC, when it moves to remind broadcasters of their public responsibilities.

Obligated to be as constructive as possible in an increasingly desperate situation, Rucker proposes some legislative reforms to stymie further concentration in the mass media. His prescriptions—tax levies that discourage station sales, adjusted postal subsidies that reverse the arrangements that now benefit the large newspapers and magazines, and more prominent ownership disclosure in all media—in the unexpected event that they should be enacted, are unlikely to halt the rush to continental inter-media combination. Fewer and still more omnipotent private conduits of information and entertainment seem to be in the offing. Vast electronic, "knowledge conglomerates" are currently being assembled. This raises a question: "Can the day be far off," Rucker asks, "when criticism of the mass media will be published only by the university presses?" Answer: Southern Illinois University Press published *The First Freedom*.

THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM

Although Nixon never sincerely became as obsessed about the Red Menace as did the John Birch Society (which could see even in the absence of Communists another proof of Communist deviousness), the anti-Communist thrust as a demagogic device became a conditioned reflex with him that sometimes made him absurd. Thus when the left-wing W. E. B. DuBois (pronounced "du-boyce") Clubs were labeled by the United States Attorney General in 1966 as a Communist-front organization, Nixon, noting the similarity in sound to the Boys' Clubs of America, of which he was a nominal official, solemnly intoned that the leftists "are not unaware of the confusion they are causing among our supporters and among many other good citizens—an almost classic example of Communist deception and duplicity."

From *Dancing Bear: An Inside Look at California Politics* by Gladwin Hill (The World Publishing Co., $6.50). A comprehensive, realistic and witty explanation of the politics of the Golden State, by a *Nation* contributor.

Serious Rock

JOHN GABREE
Mr. Gabree is a free-lance writer whose particular interest is popular music.

The important thing about the current revolution in Pop music is not, as has been suggested, that it is bringing the forms and content of serious music to a wider and thus presumably crasser audience. Pop music has always done that (remember Glenn Miller's special way with the *Anvil Chorus*). What is new is that Pop music is reaching an audience that previously has been interested only in classical music or jazz.

Most talented young people who decide to make a career of music today seriously consider becoming Pop musicians. Many of the most creative do enter the field. On both coasts, Pop has captured large portions of the FM listening market. It has succeeded jazz and folk as the music of the campus, and the serious magazines are tripping over one another to get into the business of Pop criticism.

According to popular mythology, the Beatles are responsible for Pop's newfound respectability. But while it is true that their straightforward behavior and

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good-humored, innocent appeal have had much to do with the attention being paid popular music by the mass media and others over 30, the real innovating has gone on elsewhere. The publicity attendant on *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (Capitol), for example, has propagated the idea that the long-playing record can be a medium for serious artistic expression, and not merely a device for reproducing it, but the Beatles' record did not itself explore the possibilities very extensively.

At one time the measure of a successful album was how accurately it captured the sound of a "live" performance. But multi-track recording, which freed the engineer and producer to "mix" the various elements so as to capture the essence of the ensemble sound in its natural state, has now had the fundamental effect of directing Pop musicians away from the re-creation of their stage acts to the discovery of pure "studio" performances. Arrangements are no longer shackled by the internal dynamics of particular instruments, amplified or not. Now a piccolo is the equal of a tuba and either is the peer of an entire orchestra and can be given the same weight in an arrangement, riding together in ways that would be impossible to duplicate in "live" performance. In recent months, albums have become instruments themselves, and the most skillful recording artists are learning to play them with astounding authority.

An example of how much progress has been made already is *Song Cycle* (Warner Brothers) by Van Dyke Parks. Parks is the consummate studio virtuoso and his album is a milestone of American Pop music. He is also an excellent song writer. For the most part, his music suggests Broadway musical scoring, a form that seemed to have exhausted its possibilities long ago, and his verse is folk-influenced in both form and content. To make things more confusing, the final product often echoes the sound of Appalachian Mountain music. Parks's lyrics are highly sophisticated (the album abounds in ambiguities like "Dreams are still born in Hollywood") and he is a descendant of Joyce (possibly through John Lennon's prose) and Bob Dylan. He sets out to chronicle life in Southern California, which like most Angelenos he takes for a microcosm of the universe, but he escapes beyond Southern Cal to comment on the South (where he is from) and world affairs. Parks's verses are both rich and unpretentious.

But Parks's music is still more impressive. Despite the Broadway and country music strains, the composer whom he most closely resembles is Kurt Weill. The shattered images, the eclecticism, the staggered rhythms and irregular phrasing, the constant emphasis on surprise are like Weill, though of course the two "sounds" are different. The album offers Parks's peculiar, babyish voice, the thinness of which is entirely appropriate to his purposes. Lest all this appear contrived, I add that the music seems to flow entirely naturally and much of the record is quite beautiful.

Artists with visions different from Parks's are using the same techniques to achieve other ends. Frank Zappa, leader of the Mothers of Invention and the only studio musician to have matched Parks's skill, has produced a brilliant series of albums. Among the dedications on *Freak Out* (Verve), the Mothers' first album, are the names of Charles Mingus, Pierre Boulez, Anton Webern, Igor Stravinsky, Willie Dixon, Guitar Slim, Edgard Varèse and Muddy Waters. Elsewhere, in a list of friends and influences, are Lenny Bruce, Phil Spector (a producer of rock records in the late fifties and early sixties, who developed—in the studio—a massive sound that has had a profound influence on later rock), Willie Mae Thorton (who did the original "Hound Dog" that Elvis copied and made a hit), Roger Sessions and Howlin' Wolf. The Mothers aren't kidding; their work is a peculiar and spectacular blend of classical, jazz and rock influences that, when they are at their best, the Mothers mold into a vision all their own.

Zappa, who composes and arranges most of the band's material and is responsible for the final production of their LPs, is a student of Varèse, a follower of jazz guitarist Wes Montgomery, endowed with the same jagged humor as Bruce and, at 27, is the right age to have absorbed at first hand the developing strains of Pop and rock over the past decade and a half. In fact, it is one of the limitations of the Mothers' appeal that almost no one can pursue all the references that flash through their music. They can *segue* from a sophisticated piece of post-Mingus jazz or their rendition of a swatch of Stravinsky into a hilarious imitation of the Supremes or Shep and the Limelites or the Videos or any one of the myriad other groups that have surfaced and sunk since 1953. Part of Zappa's genius is to make the experience of growing up absurd in America's middle class a metaphor for what he describes as the "lameness" of modern life. He takes every adolescent crisis, from confrontation with society's moral dualism to wrinkled chinos, and invests it with universal significance. It seems to be Zappa's message that America will never grow up.

So far the Mothers have released three albums and a fourth has appeared under Zappa's name. *Freak Out*, a two-record set, is the most easily comprehended, although it is overshadowed in range, venturesomeness and technique by its successors. The highlights include several excellent take-offs on early rock and a couple of Zappa's famous monologues (especially "You Didn't Try to Call Me" and "Go Cry On Somebody Else's Shoulder"), a city blues inspired by the Watts riot ("Trouble Every Day"), and a piece of existential poetry called "Help, I'm A Rock." If you have already arrived at the conclusion that middle-class life is lame, Zappa can seem quite preachy, though he usually saves himself by his sense of timing. *Absolutely Free*, the second release, has some brilliant lyrics (about vegetables) and some very funny moments, but it fails to hold together and is only a disappointing advance over *Freak Out*. Equally disappointing is "Francis Vincent Zappa Conducts *Lumpy Gravy*" featuring "Abnuceals Emuukha Electric Symphony Orchestra & Chorus with maybe even some of the Mothers of Invention," which was recorded right after *Absolutely Free* and only just released. As always, Zappa has some interesting ideas but *Lumpy Gravy* is largely formless and finally pointless. The third Mothers album, *We're Only In It For The Money* (made after but released before *Lumpy Gravy*), the cover of which parodies the already tongue-in-cheek cover of *Sgt. Pepper*, is a singular achievement. The album is a unified, multi-layered "oratorio" that represents a summation of the Mothers' style, a terribly *avant-garde* construction the ele-

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ments of which, however, are accessible to anyone who wishes to take the trouble to listen. The Mothers' usual vocabulary is present; musical references to every trend in modern music; sometimes warm, sometimes savage polemic verse (if Parks's musical vision is Weillian, the Mothers' lyric approach is pure Brecht and their sense of staging is Off-Off-Broadway). As with much current art, the work is sometimes abrasive to the point of being ugly, but it is always challenging and often shockingly funny.

Both Zappa and Parks seem to shun the techniques developed by the electronic composers. Zappa even takes pains on *We're Only In It For The Money* to point out that "none of the sounds are generated electronically . . . they are all the product of electronically altering the sounds of *normal* instruments."

Another trend among serious curators of Pop music has mixed classical and folk. The first and so far most successful of such amalgams have been the products of one-time folk singer Judy Collins and her arranger and conductor, Joshua Rifkin. The Collins-Rifkin team probably kicked off the whole trend. Two years ago Rifkin, who is a classical composer at Princeton University, arranged *The Baroque Beatles Book* (Elektra) and his arrangements for Miss Collins' *In My Life* (Elektra), released a few months later, gave the first big push to serious rock. Miss Collins is a solidly based folk musician, but she gives the impression of enjoying what she is doing now far more than she ever did when she was number two with folk fans behind Joan Baez. Rifkin approaches the studio facilities with less imagination than other Pop leaders, but his arrangements are notable for the traditional classical effects they introduce to Pop. Until *Wildflowers* (Elektra) was introduced last fall, *In My Life* had seemed an assured and fascinating album, but now it seems tentative by comparison. The newer album is as brilliant an accomplishment as *Song Cycle* or *We're Only In It For The Money*, although it is as different from the latter albums as they are from each other.

One of the strongest elements in the success of the releases by Judy Collins has been the choice of material. Both albums rely heavily on the songs of post-folk composers Joni Mitchell (a near-legendary folk performer from Toronto, Boston and Detroit who has just released her first album) and Leonard Cohen, the Canadian poet and novelist. Miss Collins' own "Albatross," with accompaniment by the arranger, is the high point of *Wildflowers*. The album's only flaw is the arrangement by Robert Dennis and Robert Sylvester of Cohen's "Priests" which, though not really bad, sounds out of place in the midst of Rifkin's gems. Also included is "Lasso! di donna" by 14th-century Italian composer Francesco Landini, which is much more appealing in Miss Collins' natural voice than in the brittle singing of the formally trained operatic voices that usually tackle such music. Finally, with "La Chanson des vieux amants" by Jacques Brel, Miss Collins and Rifkin acknowledge their debt to French cabaret music from which they have derived much of the spirit with which they approach album programing.

Many other groups are following the leaders or attempting to find directions of their own. Two of the best rock *qua* rock groups, The Who and the Buffalo Springfield, have made tentative explorations of longer, more complex forms. On *Happy Jack* (Decca) The Who perform "A Quick One While He's Away," a mini-opera by the quartet's leader and guitarist Peter Townshend. It is an extended work encompassing a sequential story line and several distinct musical statements. "Broken Arrow" on *Buffalo Springfield Again* (Atco) attempts to tell the story of an (the) American Indian.

The most extended work in a traditional form by young rock musicians is "The Progress Suite" by Chad Stewart and Jeremy Clyde on *Of Cabbages and Kings* (Columbia). Despite long stretches of what must be labeled "movie music," the five-part suite features sprightly tunes and, in two sections, clever lyrics. In addition, sections of the suite where the authors have spliced in contemporary sounds work as theatre (even an atom bomb blast manages not to be too maudlin). As a bonus, the other side features a half dozen excellent tunes in the Collins/Rifkin mode.

There has been a certain amount of bandwagon jumping, some of it successful, most of it not. The most successful recently is the first release by The United States of America (Columbia) which is a pastiche of Zappa and (mostly) Parks. It holds together only because USA's leader, Joseph Byrd, is an imaginative arranger and composer (the lyrics are so commonplace as to distract from what is otherwise a carefully conceived and executed album).

From there it is pretty much down hill. The Vanilla Fudge, a New York City quintet with a lot of skill and not much imagination, has released *The Beat Goes On* (Atco), a pretentious LP that features rock interpretations of pieces by Mozart, Beethoven and Cole Porter (remember the *Anvil Chorus*?). And one of the least competent West Coast groups, the Electric Prunes, has produced a lemon in *Mass in F minor* (Reprise) by David Axelrod.

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